The Outlook

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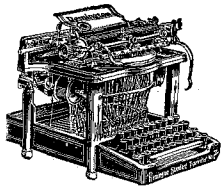

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1905

The Situation in Santo Domingo

The phrases "provisional agreement" and "*modus vivendi*" have been widely applied to the steps taken last week toward securing peace and satisfactory financial conditions in Santo Domingo. Neither the one phrase nor the other at all applies to the actual facts. The United States Government has entered into no new protocol or agreement with Santo Domingo. We have already commented on the fact that the United States Senate shirked its Constitutional duty by refusing to act on the Santo Domingo treaty laid before it, either by ratification or by rejection. It is a consequence of this shirking of duty that the authorities of the two countries are left in a state of uncertainty as to the future of the treaty and of the relations between the two countries. President Morales finds, on the one hand, that the insurgents, always numerous in Santo Domingo, regard the failure of his project as an encouragement to renewed activity; while, on the other, the foreign creditors are increasingly likely to make trouble. To preserve a reasonable degree of stability, political and financial, until the United States Senate may officially act on the treaty which is still before it, he has made a new proposition, namely, that an agent, who shall be an American citizen and who shall be named by our Government but appointed by President Morales, shall be put in charge of the customs receipts at the southern ports of Santo Domingo, and that the receipts shall be held in part by this agent, as trustee, with the understanding that, if the treaty is finally passed, the sums shall be distributed as provided for by that treaty, namely, fifty-five per cent. to the creditors and forty-five per cent. to the Santo Domingo Government. If, on the other hand, the treaty fails of passing, the whole amount is to be turned over to the Dominican Government. This is nothing more or less than the appointment, by the Government of a country distressed financially, of trusted foreign fiscal agents. The same thing has been done repeatedly by China with British agents, and in former days was done by Japan with American fiscal agents. The United States neither appoints nor pays the agent, but simply recommends him. Neither does it wish to take hold of President Morales's administration by force. It may, however, land marines, if necessary to support the authority of those American agents who are already acting as receivers of customs at two ports, not at all under the treaty or protocol proposed, nor under the new arrangement, but under the award of the Arbitration Commission which passed on the claims of the Santo Domingo Improvement Company against Santo Domingo. Briefly summarized, the arrangement is intended to preserve the actual state of affairs until the United States Senate shall have officially disposed of the treaty before it; and if the treaty fails of ratification, the new arrangement will be of no value, while it would then be increasingly important for foreign creditors and American creditors to reach some other reasonable solution of the vexed and intricate problems before them.

❀

The New Panama Canal Commission

A new Isthmian Canal Commission has been organized by President Roosevelt after the receipt of the formal resignations of the members of the first Commission. In a letter made public with the announcement of the new Commissioners, Secretary Taft says: "It is conceded even by its own members that the present Commission has not so developed itself into an executive body as to give hope that it may be used successfully as an instrumentality for carrying on the immense executive burden

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involved in the construction of the Canal." This does not mean that the first Commission was inefficient, but that its work was preparatory and advisory rather than constructive. The Chairman of the newly appointed Commission is Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, President of the Toledo, St. Louis, and Western Railway; he is under forty years of age, and has had experience in executive and construction work. The other members are Charles E. Magoon, who was general counsel of the old Commission and will be Governor of the Canal Zone; John F. Wallace, Chief Engineer, who held the same important office under the old Commission; Rear-Admiral M. T. Endicott, of the United States Navy; Brigadier-General Peter C. Hains, a retired army officer; Colonel Oswald H. Ernst, of the Corps of Engineers; and Benjamin M. Harrod, of New Orleans, who was a member of the old Commission. Secretary Taft lays stress upon the appointment of a consulting board of engineers, and to this board Professor W. H. Burr and Mr. W. B. Parsons, both of the former Commission, will be appointed. Mr. Taft says that the time has come to fix a definite plan for the work, and adds: "It is quite within the bounds of possibility that the best form of canal will be a sea-level canal, with a tidal lock only, at one end, and that the cost of it may exceed the $200,000,000 in the mind of Congress by at least $100,000,000 more."

❀

Newfoundland and American Fishermen

The recent action of the Senate in "amending to death" the Hay-Bond reciprocity treaty promises to have a disastrous effect on the fisheries of Gloucester. The treaty as drawn up by Senator Hay and Premier Bond contained important concessions to each country in the matter of duties on imports and permitted American fishermen to enter Newfoundland harbors for the purpose of buying bait, procuring supplies, and hiring crews. The amendments adopted by the Senate and insisted on, it is said, by Senator Lodge, on behalf of the fishing interests of Gloucester, cut out practically all the provisions which were of advantage to Newfoundland. Quite naturally, the Newfoundland Government has promptly retaliated. As a consequence of the conditions existing in the fishing industry, it is possible to strike directly at the interests which are responsible for the defeat of the treaty. Newfoundland has practically a monopoly of the supply of bait used in the fisheries on the Banks, as the fish which are used for this purpose are to be caught only on the shores of the island. The law prohibits the catching of these fish by any except the island people, but under the terms of a *modus vivendi*, which has been in force since 1888, American fishermen have been allowed to enter Newfoundland harbors to purchase bait and procure supplies. These privileges are absolutely necessary to the continuance of the fishing industry, for when they were denied to the French in 1886 the fishing interests of St. Pierre-Miquelon were utterly ruined. The Newfoundland Government has ordered its customs collectors to refuse bait licenses to American fishermen, and legislative action is to be taken at once debarring American fishermen from the bait-purchasing privilege. There seems to be no doubt that this action cannot fail to bring serious if not fatal consequences to the fishing industries of Massachusetts. Little sympathy can be extended to the sufferers, however, in a condition of affairs which has been brought about by their own short-sighted and selfish policy. Aside from its immediate effect upon a single industry, the defeat of this treaty and the retaliatory measures adopted by Newfoundland will have results more far-reaching and deplorable. There have already been too many such causes of friction between this country and our northern neighbors, and each one is an added obstacle in the way of the close relations and friendly feeling which should exist between Canada and Newfoundland and the United States.

❀

Japanese as Immigrants

The desirability or undesirability of the Japanese as immigrants and as possible future American citizens is being warmly debated on the Pacific coast. At least one of the papers of San Francisco hav-

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ing a large circulation has been urging vehemently, and in a tone which is nothing less than that of demagoguery, that the Japanese would form an undesirable element of the population, and that in their own country they are inspired with sentiments of bitter hatred against Americans. The latter contention in particular is preposterous, as nothing is better known than that the Japanese, officially and also in the mass, have the best of feelings towards America as the country which was the means of opening Japan to civilization, and the country whose people have most warmly sympathized with them in their struggle with Russia. It is alleged (but, as far as we can discover, without anything worthy of the name of evidence) that in California the Japanese work for starvation wages, are responsible for the increase of crime, and are hostile to our laws and institutions. In reply, the Pacific Japanese Mission has, through a committee, issued a statement which contradicts these charges in plain words as absolutely false in detail and in the large. This society has had ample means of knowing the truth, and its committee declare that, so far from working for starvation wages, every man who employs Japanese knows that they sell their labor at the highest price, and that they are competing with Italians, Russians, and other European immigrants, rather than with American-born citizens. It is astonishing to read that an American correspondent returned from Japan is making such statements in San Francisco as that all Americans have been dismissed from their positions as instructors in schools, universities, and military colleges, and that Japan has laws practically excluding American and German subjects, and forbidding them to exercise ordinary property rights or carry on professional work. Such a statement is too absurd to require contradiction. Finally, the committee say:

> In their neatness and cleanliness, in their adaptability and desire to learn the best that we have to teach; in their freedom from crime and their desire faithfully to obey both in letter and spirit our laws, they are models whom we may well hold up for the imitation of many of the European immigrants who are flocking to this coast. The prevalence of crime throughout the State, and the condition of San Francisco, with its vile brothels, its open gambling, its infamous race-tracks, and its more than three thousand saloons—these and many other things of which everybody knows are not due to the presence of the Japanese among us.

At a time when American and English investors are eagerly competing to buy Japanese war bonds as an unusually promising investment, and at the time when American sympathy and appreciation of Japan's advance in civilization is at its highest, it seems almost incredible that demagogues can urge the United States to discriminate against the great nation of the Orient.

❀

The Free Seeds Distribution

The Congressional distribution of seeds is an example of misdirected and pernicious paternalism in the Government to which The Outlook desires to call the attention of its readers. It is a free distribution of seeds and plants in the nature of a present from members of Congress to their constituents. The appropriation of 1901 was $170,000; in 1903 it had grown to $270,000; this year the appropriation for the next fiscal year is $290,000. The distribution includes not only garden seeds but flower seeds, bulbs, shrubs, grape-cuttings, trees, and plants. These seeds, trees, etc., are sent free through the mails on the franks of the Congressmen. It is thus impossible to ascertain how much the transportation costs. The Agricultural Department refuses to disclose the weight, and it may be that no record of it is kept. If the weight could be obtained, the actual expense to the postal service could be accurately estimated—for such matter is carried at the rate of one cent for each two ounces. According to the last report of the Secretary of Agriculture, the Department sent out 40,000,000 packets of seeds. It is the usual practice of the Department to put five packets of assorted seeds in one mail package. This would mean 8,000,000 separate pieces of mail. If these mail packages average four ounces in weight, at a conservative estimate, the postal revenue the Government loses is at least $160,000. In addition to this there must be charged against this gift

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enterprise the clerical and other work involved in it. It is therefore safe to say that the Federal Government spends over half a million dollars a year in order to enable each Congressman to send to each of his constituents a few garden seeds, most of which can be bought in the open market. The whole thing is a development of claptrap, country, political engineering and log-rolling. The seeds are used by the Congressmen as a cheap bid for favor; they do not conserve the purpose under which the distribution was begun, and the distribution should be abandoned. It is creditable neither to the Congressmen concerned, to the constituents whose favor is sought for in such a petty way, nor to the Department of Agriculture, which is doing such highly creditable work in original investigation and instruction.

❀

Governor Folk's Administration

Because of its relationship to the administration of Governor Folk the session of the Missouri Legislature that closed a few days ago was of especial interest. Committed as he was to the elimination of legislative corruption and to a general programme of reform, it had been feared at the beginning of his term that the Governor was confronting difficulties too great for him to overcome. The House was Republican, the Senate Democratic. Furthermore, half of the Senators held over from the preceding administration, among them members of the old ring which Mr. Folk had fought so vigorously and successfully. One member was actually under indictment for boodling, and others were under strong suspicion. Finally, a powerful and corrupt corporation lobby had become intrenched at the State capital after years of notorious operation. Briefly, it may be said that Governor Folk met this difficult situation with almost complete success. While not all of his inaugural recommendations were enacted into law, only one administration measure of the first importance was defeated, and the legislative session, culminating in the election of a Republican of high character, Major William Warner, to the United States Senatorship, was in the fullest degree creditable to the State. Because of his record as a prosecutor of boodlers, perhaps the greatest interest attached to the anticipated struggle between the Governor and the lobby. As has already been reported in The Outlook, he assured the managers of the great corporations of the State that he would veto any "sandbagging" legislation, and asked them in return to keep their agents out of the State capital save for necessary hearings before legislative committees. As a result, partly of his request, partly of their fear of trying the usual methods, the corporations maintained no lobbies at Jefferson City. "I am not sure," said a corporation attorney to a newspaper correspondent, "that we would not be a great deal better off to return to the old system of buying what votes we need, but nobody has the nerve to buy, and mighty few would dare sell, with this fellow Folk watching them."

❀

The Legislative Record

The record of the Missouri Legislature, while not so spectacular as that of the neighboring State of Kansas, was nevertheless excellent. Under the so-called "Breeders' Law" race-track gambling has flourished in St. Louis and in Kansas City. In St. Louis it has been especially demoralizing, and numerous cases of theft and embezzlement have been traced to the gambling at the race-tracks there. The Breeders' Law was repealed and a statute enacted penalizing the registering or recording of bets. Unless this law shall be evaded through some technical defect, it will end race-track gambling in Missouri after this spring. Governor Folk was particularly interested in the passage of two bills to facilitate the punishment of legislative boodling. One of these, extending the statute of limitations for this crime from three years to five, was adopted. The other, which was defeated, was intended to prevent witnesses in boodle cases from refusing to testify on the ground that they might incriminate themselves. The importance of this measure had been repeatedly proved in Mr. Folk's prosecution of boodlers. He had found it impossible to get at the bottom of legislative bribery two years ago because

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every witness took refuge in his "constitutional rights." The proposed law provided that witnesses could not be prosecuted for anything they might divulge. The bill passed the House by a large majority, but was defeated in the Senate by the efforts of several members who would have been liable to an immediate summons to the witness-stand under its provisions, and who consequently traded votes for various measures until they secured a majority. These members will undoubtedly encounter difficulties in securing renomination, and the measure may be enacted two years hence. A police home-rule bill for St. Louis, loosely drawn and objectionable in many respects, was vetoed by the Governor. A compulsory education bill was passed, Kansas City was authorized to maintain a detention school for juvenile offenders, parents were made responsible for contributory delinquency in the case of child lawbreakers, provision was made for the establishment of a State sanitarium in the Ozarks for the care of cases of tuberculosis, a good-roads law was enacted, and a radical maximum freight rate measure was adopted. The good legislative record was due in part to the influence of Governor Folk, and in part to the excellent character of the great majority of the legislators who were nominated as part of the reform movement that carried Mr. Folk into office.

❀

Fair Elections in Louisville

A correspondent in Louisville, Kentucky, informs us that Judge Evans, of the United States Court, in a recent charge to the Federal Grand Jury of that city, has revealed the extremes to which a corrupt political ring will go in endeavoring to accomplish its ends. Some of the recent elections in Louisville have been recognized by respectable citizens without regard to party as being far from free elections. Every art known to the ward politician to insure the triumph of the "ring" has been used. These ring "bosses" have gone so far as to attempt to use corrupt local courts to terrorize the enemies of the ring. The case which has attracted widespread public attention on account of Judge Evans's charge is that of a negro who testified in the United States court against some of the local police who were accused of interfering with the election. This negro was arrested on a trivial charge of loitering on the streets, was sent to the workhouse, and practically imprisoned there for seven months at hard labor. This was both to keep him from testifying further and to terrorize any other witnesses who might be inclined to give evidence against the ring. Judge Evans charged the grand jurors that the word crime in the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States has a broader meaning than merely loitering on the street, and that a misdemeanor is not a crime under the amendment. "If a citizen by order of any court is subjected to penal servitude," said Judge Evans, "except as punishment for a crime for which he stands convicted, such court and its officials are guilty of a violation of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution and the laws of the United States." The opponents of ring rule in Louisville hope that indictments by the Federal Grand Jury will follow this charge, and that the scandal will have a thorough ventilation which in the end will bring about fair elections in that city. Bribery and corruption are bad enough without the added attempt to terrorize citizens by illegal and despotic court processes.

❀

Russian Affairs

In Russian affairs there have been a maximum of rumors and a minimum of fact during the past week. Reports of informal negotiations looking to peace have alternated with reports of the determination of the Czar to continue the war at all costs. It is said—and apparently on good authority, with a very high degree of probability to reinforce it—that France is endeavoring to impress upon the Czar the advisability of making peace before further disasters have overtaken Russian arms; for it seems impossible, in the present state of affairs, that the Russians should hold either Harbin or Vladivostok against determined Japanese attack, and there seems to be very little

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hope that, in case of an encounter between the Japanese and the Russian fleet, the Russians would come off victorious. One thing is apparently clear—that if the Czar persists in preparing for another campaign, it will be with the hope of exhausting the resources of Japan rather than defeating her in the field. Such a decision depends on the internal state of the country; if disorders should assume a more violent form, the Czar will be helpless in the face of his own people. Reports of present outbreaks in various provinces continue, and the evidences of unrest multiply in all directions and among all classes, although there is little open revolt. The representatives of the zemstvos will hold a second meeting in St. Petersburg at the end of the present month; and the fact that M. Shipoff, who was removed from office as president at the last zemstvos meeting by M. Plehve because of his liberal tendencies, will be nominated for president of the coming meeting, although many persons have come to regard him as too conservative, is significant. The Minister of the Interior has announced that, with the Emperor's approval, a plan has been worked out under which a representative assembly will be called in the course of the next two or three months. A movement to sever the bonds between Church and State and to secure for the Orthodox Russian Church self-rule and independence is reported to have found favor among important members of the clergy at St. Petersburg, and a document embodying the views of these priests has been published in the semi-official organ of the diocese of St. Petersborg, urging that the Church should free itself from obligations to the State in order to detach itself from worldly feelings and interests, and suggesting that a great council be called to consider the whole matter. It is reported that the Holy Synod will recommend the summoning of such a council to the Emperor. This movement is significant of the spread of unrest even among the clergy. In the field of hostilities nothing of importance occurred last week; the whereabouts of Admiral Rojesvensky's fleet continued to be a matter of speculation.

Germany and Morocco

On Friday of last week the Emperor William paid a flying visit to Tangiers, remaining on shore only two hours; but during those two hours he made an address which is regarded as very significant. In response to the address of the German residents of Morocco, the Emperor said: "I am happy to recognize in you devoted pioneers of German industry and commerce who are helping me in the task of always upholding in a free country the interests of the mother land. The sovereignty and integrity of Morocco will be maintained." It is the last sentence which has caught the attention of Europe. The words are not interpreted as indicating any hostility to France, or any determination to disturb the peace of Europe, but as meaning that Germany does not propose to be left out of consideration in any disposition of national interests in the Mediterranean district. France has assumed a kind of overlordship of Morocco, and this claim was informally recognized by the United States in the dealings of the State Department in securing the release of M. Perdicaris. It was also formally recognized by England in the treaty between the two countries, which has introduced a new and very interesting element in international relations. Some English statesmen, notably Lord Rosebery, pointed out at the time the inadvisability of not consulting Germany in such a matter as the assumption of French sovereignty over Morocco. The Emperor has now quietly declared that German commerce is to be protected, and that, so far as Germany is concerned, not only the integrity but the independence of Morocco will be respected. In the agreement made a year ago this month between France and England with reference to Morocco, to which Spain subsequently gave her assent, there is apparently no purpose to interfere with the free trade of the whole world with that country by the establishment of any discrimination between the subjects of different countries in the matter of customs, dues, or transport charges. If the Emperor had contented himself with declaring that the interests of German commerce in Morocco would

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be preserved and the open door kept open, his words would hardly have excited comment; it is the statement that the independence of Morocco is to be respected that raises the question as to how far he is ready to go in opposition to the ascendency of France in that country.

❀

Emperor William on the Spirit of His Reign

In a recent speech at the Bremen Town Hall the Emperor William strikingly confirmed the interpretation of the spirit and purpose of his reign as outlined in The Outlook some weeks ago. In an address in honor of the unveiling of a monument of the Emperor Frederick, the Burgomaster referred to the model of the Admiral's ship of the first German fleet now in that building, a fleet which was subsequently sold at auction. In his reply the Emperor confessed that when, as a boy, he saw that model, he felt enraged and humiliated by the remembrance of this incident, and declared that he made a vow that when affairs passed into his hands he would "do everything possible to let bayonets and cannon rest, but to keep the bayonets sharp and the cannon ready, so that envy and greed would not disturb us in tending our garden or in building our beautiful house"—a sentiment entirely in accord with that so often expressed by President Roosevelt, "Study always to maintain peace, but be always ready for war." The Emperor then went on to say:

> I vowed never to strike for world mastery. The world empire that I then dreamed of was to create for the German Empire on all sides the most absolute confidence as a quiet, honest, and peaceable neighbor. I have vowed that if ever the time comes when history shall speak of a German world power or a Hohenzollern world power, this should not be based upon conquest, but come about through a mutual striving of nations after common purposes.

That the Emperor has kept this vow is a matter of contemporary history. It is true he has sometimes used the mailed hand, as in southwestern Africa, but he has studied the peace of the world; and while he has endeavored to keep the German army and navy at the highest point of efficiency, his special effort has been to develop the industrial and commercial resources of the Empire. In this he has shown statesmanship of a very far-seeing and unusual order, and he has gained to a remarkable extent not only the respect of the world for his great abilities, but its confidence in the integrity and disinterestedness of his purpose.

❀

The American Board and Mr. Rockefeller

The public debate in press and pulpit as to the propriety of the acceptance of a gift from Mr. John D. Rockefeller to the American Board has continued during the week. The present aspect of the facts, as we understand them, is this: The Prudential Committee has not yet returned a reply to the formal protest of the ministers in Boston and its vicinity; a sub-committee of the Prudential Committee has, however, issued a comprehensive statement advising the American Board to accept the gift, and there is little doubt felt that the Prudential Committee itself will reply in the same sense after proper consideration of the representations from the Congregational ministers and churches who support the Board—representations, it should be noted, on both sides of the question. In the report of the sub-committee its position is thus stated:

> For almost a century the Board has received gifts from every quarter in America, Christian and non-Christian alike. Into our treasury have also come offerings from Mohammedans, Parsees, Hindus, Buddhists, Shintuists, and African savages. In receiving gifts from those varied sources the Board has in no degree and in no way passed judgment on the business, religion, character, or life of the donors.
>
> In this policy we have followed the universal custom of the past, for the Church in all ages has received upon its altars the gifts of all who were moved to lay them thereon. The same principle has been followed, not only by philanthropic and educational institutions, but by other missionary boards.
>
> The principle on which this policy rests is the belief that our responsibility begins with the receipt of a gift; it then becomes our trust, for which we are to be held responsible. Before gifts are received the responsibility is not ours, but is that of the donors in their own conscience; it is a matter between them and their God. We are asked now to make an exception and to single out this recent voluntary gift for refusal. . . . Your committee sees no reason why we should have departed from the custom of the Board, one which has been universal in the world, and made our

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committee practically a tribunal to decide whether gifts are to be received. It would be manifestly unjust and unthinkable to reject gifts without thorough scrutiny, and it is equally clear that no committee could possibly undertake the task of such a scrutiny. It seems to us, in the second place, that it would have been an assumption and usurpation if from our position we had tried to stop the money of any man who wished to give it for missionary work among those who are needy. The reason assigned for rejecting the recent gift is that gifts constitute a relation of "honor" between the recipient and the donor. Certain gifts are made to the Board with conditions attached. Those it may refuse or accept as wisdom directs. This gift was made without conditions. This means, in the eyes of the committee, that it involves the American Board in no obligation whatever, material or moral, to the donor.

The Church must make such an assumption about all its gifts or receive none at all. If it is believed that all gifts involve a relation of "honor," and put it under obligation of any kind to overlook the shortcomings of the donor, it would then find itself bound to give greater consideration to the giver of thousands than to the poor man who gave little or nothing, and to condone the sins of large contributors.

As a mattter of fact, we understand that the Prudential Board has actually appropriated various portions of the $100,000 given by Mr. Rockefeller to specific uses.

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The Argument Against Acceptance

In their opposition to acceptance of the gift the protesting Boston ministers have received no little encouragement and approval from different parts of the country. Among the ablest advocates of their view of what constitutes "tainted money" have been Dr. Washington Gladden and President Tucker, of Dartmouth College. During the week Mr. H. H. Rogers put forth a statement defending Mr. Rockefeller from the imputations which have been made against the character of the early business transactions of the Standard Oil Company—imputations which have been generally accepted by the public during the present discussion as recognized and well-known facts. To Mr. Rogers's representation that the alleged rebate extortion was not illegal at the time it took place, Dr. Gladden answers:

What I said was that the money was "flagitiously" acquired. To coerce the railroads into an arrangement by which it received a large rebate, not only on its own oil, but on all the oil sent by its competitors, to force the railways to rob its competitors for its enrichment, was, I submit, a flagitious policy, a shameful policy.

If there was no law at that time by which that particular kind of robbery could be punished, the robbery was no less flagrant and outrageous. It was by this means that this enormous power was created.

I am not a lawyer, but I should think it altogether possible that even under the common law such an iniquity as this might have been punished. Railways, which are chartered under public law, must be required to render to all the people an equal service. If such use of them as was made by the Standard Oil Company could not be punished, our legal machinery would be very defective.

The denial that rebates have been extorted since the Inter-State Commerce Law was passed is not credible. I know from statements made to myself by parties implicated that such rebates have been exacted by other corporations. I doubt if the Standard Oil Company is more virtuous than the rest.

On the main issue—that is, as to whether the money should be accepted by the American Board—we will quote first from President Tucker, who says:

In regard to the general position taken by the defenders of the action of the Prudential Committee in accepting Mr. Rockefeller's gift, that a missionary organization has no right to discriminate in regard to money received, lest it pass unwarranted judgment upon the business methods of the donor, I take issue at once. The acceptance by the American Board of a gift from this source, under the present conditions, must mean one of two things. Either the Board believes that the business methods involved are correct, or that they are a matter of moral indifference so far as the reception of the money is concerned. For one, I do not like to see the American Board take either one of these positions. Such action hurts the conscience of the coming generation more than that of the generation which is passing. It is not an incentive to missionary zeal.

One other extract may be made from Dr. Gladden's utterances:

It may be difficult, in many cases, to judge of the methods by which wealth has been gained; the operations are complex, and we may be in doubt respecting their honesty. It is, no doubt, impracticable to undertake the investigation of the sources of all the gifts that are offered us. But when the investigation has been thoroughly made, and the case is clear, we are bound to guide our conduct by the facts made known.

In this case the investigation has been thoroughly made and the facts are known. The legislative inquiries, the records of courts, have given the reading people of this

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country the materials for a judgment upon the methods of Standard Oil, and there never was a day when their minds were as clear on this subject as they are now. They know that this great power has been built up by injustice and oppression, they know that its immense gains have been made by forcibly despoiling citizens of their honest gains and shutting the doors of opportunity upon them.

It has been forcibly done, I say. It has been done very largely through illicit and iniquitous control of railways. Standard Oil has never ceased to use this power in this way. It is using it to-day as effectively as it ever did.

Mr. Rockefeller may deny that rebates are now given to the Standard. But the Standard now controls about two-thirds of the railroads of this country, and its power is exerted in fixing the classification of freights in such a way that it can kill competition. Rebates are no longer necessary. Thus this stupendous power, which owes its existence to a shameful prostitution of agencies created by public law for the public service, is now able to lay its paralyzing hand upon all the industries of the Nation and to force them to contribute to its enormous revenues. And this is the money which is offered to the American Board. We have no right to take it. It does not belong to the man who offers it. It belongs to the people from whom it has been extorted.

Any view advocated by such men as Dr. Gladden and Dr. Tucker is entitled to and is receiving the respectful and considerate judgment of the public. We repeat, what we said last week, that the *sentiment* which has induced this protest affords a hopeful indication of moral sensitiveness in the community; it is nevertheless our conviction that the protestants are asking the Board and the churches to take action which they have no moral right to take. The grounds of this conviction are restated in an editorial on another page.

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An Important Report

The question of a merger between Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has been some time under discussion by the officers of those institutions, and, through the press, by the general public. A subcommittee, composed of representatives of both institutions, have finally agreed upon a plan, which has been submitted to and is now under consideration by the two governing bodies. Under the plan as proposed there is to be no true merger or absorption, but an alliance between the two institutions, Harvard taking liberal arts and pure science, and the Institute industrial science, both institutions to remain intact, with distinct executives, faculties, and plants; each controlling its own resources, but working in harmony in financial and educational matters, supplementing and reinforcing each other without competition. The great McKay fund for industrial education must, by the terms of the bequest, remain in the possession of Harvard; but three-fifths of the income would be spent through the agency of the Institute. The Institute would be moved to the right bank of the Charles River, nearly opposite Harvard Square, and buildings erected and furnished; and within three years after the Institute begins the construction of these new buildings, if it is then prepared to give in its new location all needed instruction in industrial science, the Lawrence Scientific School would be discontinued as a separate school. Male students in the Institute are to have the same privileges as students of Harvard in the use of playgrounds, museums, and libraries of the University. This arrangement seems to us to promise a happy solution of the perplexing questions before Harvard University in the use of the McKay millions, and for the Institute of Technology in the matter of removal and new location. Preserving the integrity of the two institutions, it would bring them into fruitful co-operation, utilize to the utmost for pure science on one side and industrial science on the other side the enormous endowment of both institutions, divide the work along logical lines, and make an end of duplication. If this plan is carried out, it is probable that there will assemble in Cambridge what may become the largest student community in the world. It should, however, be added that there are some serious difficulties in the way of the execution of this plan. There is a grave legal question as to the right of Harvard University to appropriate any portion of the McKay fund for work carried on by what is organically another institution, and this question is now before the court for settlement. There is also some opposition, how serious we can

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hardly tell, in the faculties and in the alumni of both institutions; but it is understood that both President Eliot and President Pritchett are in favor of an alliance on the general basis outlined by the sub-committee, and it is known that some of the most influential men in the governing bodies of both institutions also favor such an alliance.

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A Great Insurance Leader

The death, on Wednesday of last week, of Colonel Jacob Lyman Greene, President of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford, removes from the field of insurance finance a distinguished and honored personality at a time when great scandals in the insurance business make the loss of such a man especially severe both to his own branch of industry and to the country at large. Colonel Greene was born in Maine in 1837, was educated at the University of Michigan, entered upon the practice of law, enlisted in a Michigan regiment at the outbreak of the Civil War, and achieved an enviable military record during four years of arduous service. At the close of the war he left the law for the field of life insurance as an agent at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a little later becoming Assistant Secretary of the Connecticut Mutual, of which he soon became President, remaining in that position for nearly thirty years until his death. He was a man of charming personality, of sterling integrity and uprightness of character, of what it is a pity to have to call "old-fashioned" honesty, and yet withal a scientific expert in insurance and a successful executive of a great corporation. In addition to his official position as President of his own company, he was a director in various other financial institutions of Hartford, a trustee of Trinity College, and actively and influentially interested in various civic movements of the community. He was a "prominent citizen" in the very best sense of that often much-abused term, and proved in his own life that distinguished social, financial, and business success may be attained by a man who scrupulously lives up to the highest standards of financial and civic honor in all his personal and corporate relations. Colonel Greene believed himself to be, and really was, as every powerful financier ought to be, the trustee, not for his own pocket, but for the investors who put their savings into his charge. The industrial life of the country needs to-day, not more money nor more energy nor more skill and shrewdness nor more money-making genius, but it does need more men of the type and character of Colonel Greene.

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An Admirable Impersonation

New York has seen no more beautiful piece of acting than Mr. David Warfield's interpretation of "The Music-Master." The charm of this impersonation lies in its perfect simplicity and sincerity; it is doubtful if a more convincing interpretion of any character has been seen on the American stage since Mr. Jefferson first made the public acquainted with Rip Van Winkle. The two characters are separated by the broadest differences of temperament and of conditions, but they are alike in their simplicity, *naïveté*, humor, and that essential humanity which never fails, whenever it is interpreted in its own spirit, to touch the hearts and the imagination. Mr. Warfield has achieved a distinct triumph along high lines, for he has succeeded in erasing all semblance of art from his impersonation and in giving it that ultimate veracity and reasonableness which lift it entirely out of the domain of the artificial and relieve it entirely from the touch of unreality which diminishes the effect of so much really capable stage work. The play itself is noteworthy because there is nothing in it which does not make the spectator feel more kindly toward his fellows. Its obvious lesson is expressed in two words which the Music-Master uses more than once, "Kind hearts." The fact that such a play has crowded the theater all winter is an additional proof that people still know and love a play which is interesting without being morally offensive or shocking to the taste, and that the appeal of true art still finds its response.

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Judge Not

There should be no mistaking the nature of the issue joined between those who advocate the reception of Mr. Rockefeller's donation to the American Board and those who protest against such reception. It is not that the protestants insist that it is not right to accept Mr. Rockefeller's donation, and the advocates of the acceptance maintain that the Board may be permitted to do so. The protestants ask the Board to sit in judgment on Mr. Rockefeller, and their opponents insist that for the Board to do so would be morally wrong—a violation of the highest ethical principles, and an act directly contrary to the teaching and the example of Jesus Christ. The difference is not one between a higher and lower standard of ethics. In every issue between a higher and a lower standard The Outlook always hopes to be found with the advocates of the highest standard. The present issue is one between two conceptions of duty, each involving a great variety of practical applications. We object to the position of the protestants, not merely because it lays upon the trustees of benevolent forces a burden for which they are not fitted, and is a notice to every intended donor that his donation may subject him to a public criticism and a private investigation of his whole life and character, and it is wholly impracticable to trace money to its source and determine how far it has been acquired by honest and how far by dishonest methods, but because it violates the fundamental principle laid down by Jesus Christ in the aphorism, "Judge not, that ye be not judged;" because it converts, or tends to convert, every Board of Trustees into more than a judicial tribunal, and directs them to pass judgment, not merely on isolated acts, which is all any earthly tribunal ever attempts to do, but on the totality of the individual's character—a judgment which no man is competent to pass upon any of his fellow-men. The principle has been laid down by Robert Louis Stevenson in a phrase something like the following (we quote from memory): "There is so much of good in the worst of us, and so much of bad in the best of us, that it is not wise for any of us to sit in judgment on the rest of us." The Outlook affirms that it is not right for the American Board or for Dr. Tucker or for Dr. Gladden to sit in judgment on Mr. Rockefeller. The Outlook refuses to sit in judgment on him. We beg the patient consideration of our readers to this principle.

Every man is a composite. No saint is perfectly saintly; no sinner is entirely depraved. Every man has some virtues and some vices, does some good deeds and some evil ones. There are times when we must judge of these deeds and these qualities. If a man applies for membership in a club, a committee must decide whether he has qualities that fit him for a club member; before we invite him to our house, we must decide whether he has the qualities that fit him for our guest; before we admit him to a church, we must decide whether his opinions and his practices will make him a harmonious member of the church. We may admit him to our home and our club and not to our church; or to our church and our club and not to our home. But no man has the capacity to measure up the virtues and the vices of his neighbor, and to balance one against the other and decide on which side the balance lies. If Mr. Rockefeller asks a neighbor to go into partnership with him in business, the neighbor must decide whether Mr. Rockefeller's business methods are ethical, and, if in his judgment they are not ethical, must refuse the offer. If Mr. Rockefeller asks his neighbor to become an instrument for carrying out a beneficent enterprise, the neighbor must decide whether the beneficent enterprise is really beneficent before he answers. But if any one asks us to judge, in view of all the elements of Mr. Rockefeller's composite character and all the various deeds of his life, in what proportion the saint and the sinner are intermingled in him, our answer must be, God alone can judge. No man is so good that his bad deeds are not to be condemned; no man is so bad that his good deeds are not to be commended. If a prostitute uses a part of her money to help a companion in her poverty or her illness, her generos-

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ity deserves our honor. If a pious and proper woman uses her money at the gaming-table, her vicious extravagance calls for rebuke. Christ's example in this, as in all things, illustrated and enforced his teaching. When Peter, a loyal friend who had forsaken all to follow him, endeavored to thwart his purpose of self-sacrifice, Christ turned to him with the sharp rebuke, Get thee behind me, Satan. When a woman of the town anointed his feet with precious and expensive ointment, he commended the gift of her love, without making any inquiry into the question whether her money had been acquired by questionable methods. This principle, which, as our readers see, has very much broader application than to the case under discussion, is thus applied to that case in well-chosen words by the Rev. Dr. William W. McLane, of New Haven:

> The discussion of the matter of the acceptance of the gift shows a lack of clear thinking on the subject. Two questions are involved which should be kept distinct, namely, the method of making money and the manner of using money. Obviously, many men earn money honestly and justly who spend it immorally, to the injury of themselves and others. If I, as a man who believes in morality and desires to teach it, condemn the manner of spending money on the part of such men, must I be understood as thereby condemning their method of making money? Or if I commend their method of making money, must I be understood as thereby commending their manner of spending it? On the other hand, a man may make money by methods which do not commend themselves as moral and just, and at the same time desire to use that money in ways that are good and for objects which are universally conceded to be right. If I commend such use of money, must I be understood as commending the method by which it was gained? Would the approval of the use of money for philanthropic purposes which had been acquired in part by business made a success by rebates returned by railroads compel the man who so approves to approve also of discrimination in rates by railroads? Would it silence his voice or withhold his vote in favor of such legislation as might make such rebates impossible?

The ethical standards of the community will not be raised nor its moral life promoted by either indiscriminate condemnation or indiscriminate commendation. If one has acquired his money unjustly, he is to be condemned for the injustice. If he is spending his money beneficently, he is to be commended for his beneficence. Zaccheus had acquired his fortune by corruption and oppression. How do we know? Because no one could acquire money as a tax-gatherer under the Roman Empire in any other way. But Christ did not rebuke him when he offered to give half his fortune to the poor. He did not even recall the evil of his past life to him. The way to invite men out of courses of wrong-doing is to welcome every right action, whatever it may be. The way to drive them back is to refuse to commend their present virtue because of their past vices. Receiving Mr. Rockefeller's money does not honor the donor. But if it did, that would be no reason for rejecting it. The good any man does deserves honor, whatever evil he may have done or may do again. The evil a man does deserves rebuke, whatever good he may have done or may do again. The reception of Mr. Rockefeller's money by the American Board constitutes not the slightest reason why the churches and the clergy should be less resolute in rebuking the business methods which are charged against Mr. Rockefeller. The notion that receiving money should silence the recipient has absolutely nothing to justify it. In this respect we are quite sure that Dr. Gladden's practice does not accord with his reported words. Does he feel himself estopped from rebuking sins because pew-holders in his church whose money helps to make up his salary are guilty of them? If we mistake not, this fact would make him more vigorous in condemnation of such sins, not less so. If the present agitation sends the ministers to study modern business methods, and to judge them by the standards of the New Testament, it will have been profitable. If the fear of seeming to approve questionable methods of money-making makes them more courageous to condemn such methods, it will be a wholesome fear. Only let not the minister make a scapegoat of a single man, and satisfy his conscience in passing by similar methods practiced on a smaller scale in his congregation, by joining with a throng in easy condemnation of offenses in past history. That the acceptance by the Church of money

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to be used in beneficent ways which has been made by questionable methods may tend to make some ministers silent concerning wrong-doing which they should be quick to condemn, we do not deny. But if so, the fault will be in their cowardice, and they should make their own recreancy to duty the first subject of their own condemnation.

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"A Nine Days' Town"

The administration of the public offices and the public affairs of any community is what the active interest of that community compels—no better and no worse. Every criticism that attacks the morals of any administration should be the mirror in which the citizen sees his own civic character, the record of his effort at government, his share in the community progress. Every office has its burden of inheritance, is cumbered by the driftwood of political campaigns. Men who would not be kept a month in a good business office must be kept by the public official. He must bear the lesser evil to secure the higher good, although he knows that the lesser evil is a limitation to his official success. The late Colonel Waring was once asked what was the greatest official burden he had to bear. His reply was prompt and energetic—"The philanthropists who want me to give jobs to the men no one else will have."

To adopt high standards of achievement and low standards for the material with which to accomplish that end means failure, and the responsibility should rest where it belongs—on the people whose sympathies blind their judgment and their moral sense. The ill-judged sympathy of good people has caused almost as much evil in public office as political corruption.

Lack of money, which means lack of workers and facilities, is often a cause of failure, and such a failure calls out the wrath of the citizen who will work hours in a critical spirit to ferret out the failures of public officials where he would not work minutes in a constructive spirit to secure the very results which he demands. This is the spirit that dulls the hearing of the official who is striving for the best in his power. Criticism that ends in itself is valueless, so far as public affairs are concerned.

A man stands on a public platform and declares that hundreds of children are working in certain factories in defiance of the law. He moves men to anger and women to tears. He is as clearly reprehensible as the employer and the official whom the law may reach if the information he has is of the kind that is good only for platform uses. The statement is made that a public building intended for the use of the people is closed on Sunday, and limited even on week-days in the use the people may have of it. A thrill of indignation goes through the audience, and it passes out voicing its indignation against the man who issued that order. This official stands at the head of a complicated department, permeated through and through with the belief that its first duty is to supply work to a given number of political followers; its second, to meet certain needs in the community. The official himself was placed at the head of this department, with nothing to justify his appointment, by the demand of a certain class he was supposed to represent. All his life he has had to think in week's wages. He suddenly finds himself forced to think in thousands of dollars and to plan the work for thousands in a field of which he is wholly ignorant. Fully conscious of his unfitness, driven hither and yon in the belief that he can hold his office only by catering to those who pay their political debts through him, he fails—afraid to stand by his own judgment because he is suddenly in possession of a city where he has only known a back yard. When the injustice to the people in limiting the use of that building is pointed out, this official is appalled; he changes his order at once, and complies with public sentiment. He had been the victim of a district leader who wished to curry favor with some voters by reducing the hours of labor of eight people. Think of it, eight against thousands! The earnest people who knew of that injustice and made it merely a subject of verbal criticism failed as truly in their duty to the people

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as the politician who was the successful petitioner for that injustice.

A man known for his shrewdness and success as a ward politician recently said of New York that it was "a nine days' town," meaning by that that you could depend on its public interest and indignation in any one line on any one subject lasting only nine days. The groups of people who will hold fast in any one line of community-betterment until each purpose is accomplished are very small.

It is on this that the politician counts. To study human nature is his profession; his success depends on knowing how much the public will endure, as well as how long it will be active. If the politician knew that every man struggling for a better community life felt himself "accessory after the fact" if he allowed any evil to develop in the community unchallenged, the politician would see the end of his system, and, according to the light within him, would choose a new method or a new means of livelihood.

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An Open Letter

You write me that you rarely or never go to church. You do not care for the music; from the sermon you do not get as much as you can get by staying at home and reading a book; and the prayer is too often an abbreviated edition of the sermon. "It is not necessary," you say, "to go to church in order to worship God. Christ says, 'When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret.' I can do that best at home."

To a very considerable extent I can sympathize with you. I do not always find the music in church musical; nor always find the prayer of the minister spiritual; and not infrequently while the minister is preaching I find myself preaching to myself a different sermon. And yet I habitually go to church. Sunday never seems to me quite like Sunday without a church service. True, I can pray at home without a priest; I may have a friend who can play for me a Bach's fugue or a Handel's chorus for music; and the various resources of English literature furnish something as provocative of thought and perhaps as inspirational to devotion as what one is likely to hear in most churches and from most preachers. But I get something in the church which neither private prayer nor the music of the most skilled pianist nor the best of books can give to me. Let us call it an atmosphere.

I go into an Afro-American Methodist revival meeting. The singing is hearty and vibrant, but not æsthetic; the prayers are vociferous rather than devotional; and the preacher falls easily into rant. I go into St. Peter's at Rome. In the outer circle surrounding the chapel where the service is being carried on is a line of sightseers with their Baedekers in their hands; in the chancel are ministers of various ranks in the hierarchy, including one or two red-capped Cardinals, who seem to me to be going through with their forms without much more apparent devotional feeling than might pertain to a Buddhist praying-machine. And yet I find in the noisy meeting of the Afro-American Methodists, and in the formal Roman Catholic service under the roof of St. Peter's, an inspiration which is not given by the book or the piano in the parlor. It is given by the worshipers. In the Roman Catholic church I edge my way through the tourists with their Baedekers into the circle of pilgrims upon their knees; look away from the performing ecclesiastics to the kneeling devotees who have come hundreds of miles, at no small cost and inconvenience, in order to worship in the capital city of their great Church; find myself surrounded by men and women who are earnestly seeking after God and really wish to get the best possible experiences for the inspiration of their souls and the uplift of their lives. In the meeting of the colored brethren in their conventicle I easily forget the unæsthetic barbarism of some of the music and the undevotional barbarism of some of the preaching in the genuine, simple, sincere, if very crude devotional feeling of the great congregation. Here again are hundreds of men and women who are really seekers after God, who want the better and higher experience, who want to live better lives here, and

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to be preparing for the eternal life hereafter. The physical atmosphere is unsavory, but the spiritual atmosphere has inspiration in it.

You tell me that you can pray without mingling your prayers with others. No doubt that is true. And yet—if you thought yourself very fond of music and yet never cared to go to a concert, if you thought yourself very fond of art because you enjoyed sketching in the retiracy of your own room, but never cared to see the pictures of the great artists, would you not have some reason to doubt the genuineness of your musical and your art desires? If you can find nothing to touch you in the sincere devotions of your fellow-men and in their aspirations for a higher and better life, in their repentance for the past and their outreachings toward the future, have you not reason to doubt whether your own penitence is as genuine and your own aspirations are as profound as you have perhaps thought them to be?

I heard the other Sunday a very excellent sermon on the advantages of church-going, and asked the preacher of the sermon, the Rev. William R. Richards, of New York, for permission to give to others one paragraph in which the advantages of church-going were summed up. The paragraph was as follows:

"But I do say, without fear of successful contradiction, that the conscientious habit of going to church always is one of the surest promoters of human happiness and courage. It broadens the mind, it cheers the soul. It lifts men's thoughts to the skies above them and the hills beyond them. It breaks the dull routine of work; it releases the captives of toil. It makes life interesting again; it awakens new powers of insight and sympathy. It changes the world's prose into poetry. For this is the conclusion of the whole matter. 'They kept the feast with gladness. For they all rejoiced, so that there was great joy in Jerusalem.'"

It would perhaps be an impertinence to inquire how far the men who never go to church go into the closet, and, when they have shut the door, pray to their Father which is in secret. It would be a sign of narrowness to deny that there are some men without social sympathies, to whom therefore social affiliation in worship is a hindrance rather than a help. But for the great mass of mankind this paragraph of Dr. Richards is true. Church-going "broadens the mind; cheers the soul; lifts men's thoughts to the skies above them and the hills beyond them; breaks the dull routine of work; releases the captives of toil; makes life interesting again; awakens new powers of insight and sympathy; changes the world's prose into poetry."

It may be as you say, that church-going is nothing but a habit. But there are good habits as well as bad habits; and if a habit has the effects which Dr. Richards attributes to it, it is worth considering whether it is not a habit well worth forming, cultivating, and maintaining.

L. A.

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A Lenten Meditation

The earliest followers of Christ not only lived in a simpler world, with fewer distractions and under a pressure of work very much lighter than that which bears on the modern world, but the shame and horror of sin were before their eyes more distinctly, offensively, and constantly than they are before the eyes of modern men. The Epistles of St. Paul to the churches in Greece and Asia Minor are full of veiled allusions to forms of iniquity too hideous to be brought into the light of open day in this modern world; sins against nature not to be spoken of or to be thought of by the pure-minded. Then moral offenses went naked in the streets and moral offenders outraged not only divine law but social decency without loss of caste. The satires of Sallust, quite as much as some chapters in "Quo Vadis," make the modern reader aware of the shamelessness of the older world. The slow education of centuries has lifted civilization, or at least public taste, to a plane which forces the grosser sins into the background, drives them into dens and obscure places beyond the observant eye of society. Certain modern novels which

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have offended the taste of English-speaking peoples by their frankness are reserved in expression measured by the standard of the classical society of eighteen hundred years ago. Measured even by the standard of the time of Mrs. Behn, of the dramatists of the Restoration, there has been an immense advance in decency of behavior and speech.

And yet it remains true that the grossest offenses are still committed, and that sin, hidden or disguised in a thousand forms of decency, has not lost a particle of its hideousness nor parted with any of its power of corruption. It is the homage which vice pays to virtue that while decent men and women touch elbows with it in the street, they hardly recognize it under the garb which it wears. The modern world is so thoroughly policed that, in spite of outbreaks of disorder here and there and crimes of vice and violence, it is an orderly world and a safe one. For the vast majority of men the sight of the policeman brings no apprehension; he does not even suggest disorder. His function has come to be regulative rather than suppressive; and so it has come about that modern men have lost to a very considerable degree the sense of sin. They are not continually reminded of it by coming upon it face to face in all the paths in which they walk. They hear of it from time to time and they know that it exists, but it is largely out of their way of life. For every modern man and woman, nevertheless, as for every man in the earliest time, there are the same pitfalls, the same temptations, the same peril of perdition. Good Friday means as much to this generation as it meant to the generations which confronted vice in its most horrible forms. It is to us, as to the earliest Christians, a revelation of the devilishness of sin, of the foulness and selfishness which are at its heart. The fact that the purest spirit that ever appeared among men was put to death by malice, uncharitableness, ambition, greed, and hardness of heart throws a burning light on the peril of the world in every age of its existence. The morning papers bring this specter, which has always haunted society, into the purest and safest homes. In a thousand telegraphic reports the tragedy of sin every day comes under the eyes of the world; and the one great truth which the daily newspaper constantly illustrates in its report of events is the truth that what a man sows that shall he also reap; and the one great fact which stands written in the largest type on the page of every journal is the fact that the wages of sin is death. No man can touch sin without defilement, nor any woman without peril. Whatever aspects it may wear from the philosophic point of view, contact with it means for individual men and women corruption, defilement, and wreck; and no orderliness of society, no safety established by law, builds a wall of protection around the individual man and woman. For every child of man, in these days as in the oldest days, there is still the ultimate choice between purity and impurity, between truth and falsehood, between life and death.

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The Spectator

The Spectator has a friend who is the head of a department in a public school in New York. She is a woman of refinement and culture, but above all else her motherhood is evident and dominant. It is this which has influenced the teachers under her and gives to that department the quality that marks it. It is inspirational. The children are alert, look frankly into the faces of teachers or visitors, fearing nothing; they live in an atmosphere of friendship. One morning recently word was brought to her office that a boy in one of the class-rooms had got entirely beyond the control of the class teacher. The Spectator's friend went at once to the rescue, returning shortly with a colored boy of thirteen, who sank to the office floor in a heap, kicking, yelling, and pounding the floor with his head. "You will get tired before I shall, Harry," said the ruling genius, quietly turning to her desk. Suddenly she asked the boy, "Harry, what did you have for breakfast?" "Nothin'," howled the boy. With an expression of sympathy and distress, the woman handed the boy ten cents. "Spend that for crackers. I have some jam here for you to

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eat with them." The boy grabbed the money, and returned shortly with two boxes of crackers, which, with the jam, quickly disappeared.

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"Go back to your class." "How dreadful! I ought to have known that boy was hungry," and the two soft gray eyes turned to the Spectator humid with tears. A note was sent to the mother of the boy, who returned with the messenger. She was met with eager sympathy. Tactfully the teacher broached the subject of the boy's hunger, clearly showing her desire to lighten the woman's burden if she would permit it. When the mother comprehended the reason she was sent for, she drew herself up, her eyes blazing, her voice trembling. "Well, 'fore the Lawd, what dis yer school want me to do next? Me got stay home and feed dis yer boy? You ain't got no right make me do dat. Dat boy ain't had no breakfas'! Wall, I leave three poun' half corn beef, a big loaf bread, an' big pot coffee on the stove for dat boy when I went to work five 'clock dis mornin'. He ain't e't no breakfas'? I got stay home and feed dis boy like he baby? He know more now than his mammy, who ain't been to school 'tall. He know more'n his papa when he die last winter." A soft, trembling break in the voice of the mother, a quick pass of the back of her hand across her eyes, a smothered sigh, and then her voice regained its note of protest, but passion had left it; she saw the sympathy in the listener's eyes.

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"I doan understan' dese yer schools, what take charge of the chilluns, but I tells yer this, teacher. If I got stay home and feed dat t'irteen-year-old boy his breakfas', dere won't be no corn beef, dere won't be no bread, dere won't be no coffee, dere won't be no breakfas', for sure! Now what dis yer school goin' do to his mother?" Her arms were folded across her breast, and she stood waiting a decision. "Have you a neighbor who would waken the boy at half-past seven?" "Yes," after a moment. "Well, he surely have a dumb mother not do that befo'. If dat boy act like de debil again, and 'scuse it b'cause he ain't no breakfas', you wallup him well. My sister-in-law just hates that boy. I bet you she have fun gettin' him out o' bed. I give her the key." Looking admiringly at the Spectator's friend, she continued, "You surely am smart. Dat boy goin' to have education. I never thought o' that, I so igrunt." She went out smiling.

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The Spectator is an earnest student of the daily press, and admits it with a certain sense of pride. He insists that it stimulates him to closer observation, and broadens his sympathies as well as increases his knowledge, and he now publicly expresses his obligation to the maker of the medium that so adds to the interest of his life. Naturally, he reads the incidents relating to street-car travel, the communications of "Veritas" and "Citizen," but the Spectator knows there is another side to street-car life which does not receive recognition. The other day he was in a street-car in which several people were standing when he entered, most of those standing keeping close to the door. There was nothing to do but push toward the small space in the center of the car. When he reached that space, there was no strap; several were swinging unused, but they were between the closely packed passengers at the ends of the car. The conductor came to collect the fare, gave a quick glance along the strap rod, and said: "Will those standing please take the straps that belong to the places where they are standing, and release those that belong in the middle of the car to the people to whom they belong?" There was a thrill of surprise. Passengers looked at each other and the conductor. With heightened color the straps were pushed back to the space in which they belonged. It was interesting to see how people made way for those leaving the car; how passengers on the seats tried to make room for those standing. The world inside the car grew friendly and considerate, the conductor alone seemingly unconscious.

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Not long after, the Spectator saw a gentleman in a Brooklyn trolley-car give

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his seat to a lady; it was directly in front of the rear door of the car. The man could just stand in the space at the corner of the seat, facing the rear-end door. Looking over his shoulder, and with difficulty removing his hat, he said to the lady, "Excuse my back, please; I cannot turn around." The lady gave a grave nod of assent. The group within hearing at once responded to the note of civilization, and life in the trolley-car grew more bearable as papers were folded smaller and bundles were held closer, and people were reminded to keep their elbows out of each neighbor's way. Even the crowds are never wholly dense.

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The abominable conditions that prevail at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge are known now not only nationally but internationally. At the loops where the cars from Coney Island stop, iron fences have been erected to regulate traffic, the car stopping on one side to discharge passengers before it comes to the crowd of waiting passengers on the other side. Recently the Spectator noticed a woman burdened with a trailing skirt, a muff, and a book, standing with an expression of despair, looking at the crowd waiting for the car she must take. She had allowed several to go without any attempt to board them. While one car was being invaded by the struggling mass of people a second car of the same line rounded in from the roadway to discharge its passengers. The big policeman, stolid and apparently unobservant, watched the crowd. The woman almost nestled toward him, looking beseechingly into his face. "May I get on that car?" pointing to one standing almost empty on the exit side of the fence. Hardly moving his lips, he said, "Run like the devil, and I'll be as blind as a bat." His broad back was all the woman saw as she reached the platform of the car. Her gratitude increased for her friend the policeman as she watched the display of brutality on the part of the entering passengers—pushing, crowding, yes, swearing, audibly and inaudibly, judging from the faces, in their attempt to reach home.

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The Spectator travels to Albany occasionally to view the lawmakers. The other day he was most fortunate. He chanced to enter a room where the committee on railroads were giving hearing on several bills, among others one on the vestibuling of the surface cars in New York in winter. A group of delegates from the Labor Union, interested, stood together—sturdy, strong men, bearing the stamp of American workingmen. They were prepared for defeat, but they had planned for a renewal of the fight if they were defeated. Their first speaker was a motorman on a line running from Manhattan to the ocean at Coney Island, a line serving a thickly settled district the year round. He was in dress and bearing the highest type of American workingman. He was frightened—not the fright of cowardice, but of a keen sense of responsibility and inexperience. He began addressing the committee, haltingly asking for the vestibuling of the cars in order that the motorman might be so clothed as to use his body quickly to avert accidents, to protect the passengers behind him. "Now a motorman is so weighted with clothes he cannot move quickly. When on my car in winter, I wear a sheepskin jacket that cost me fifteen dollars, woolen boots and heavy high boots outside of them, three overcoats and three pairs of gloves, and even then, on January 25th, I froze both hands and was home two weeks unable to use them. I wear a veil, but the sleet freezes on it and you cannot see."

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Questions from the committee followed thick and fast, and brought out the fact that the man had operated vestibuled surface cars in several cities, and he intelligently set forth their advantages. "What are the advantages in Brooklyn that induced you to work there five years under all the terrible winter conditions you describe?" The labor men leaned anxiously forward; the committee straightened up, looking with increased interest at the man who had replied to every question with keen intelligence and without any attempt to produce effects. The answer came quietly but with feeling, "My mother." Every heart responded. The Spectator left the room believing the motorman had won against the corporation.

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Thou Shalt Not Think—In Russia[1]

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES FROM THE OUTLOOK'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN RUSSIA

"WHY do you show so slack an interest in the war?" I have asked this of men of all creeds and classes outside the bureaucracy, and they give essentially this answer:

"Because the people were not allowed to think and advise on its undertaking. The gloom seen here when Port Arthur fell was only grief for two hundred thousand desolate homes. These lives have been wasted wholesale; for the war which was begun without the nation's thinking has also been waged without thinking; without foreknowledge of Japan's real power, without careful choice and steady support of generals, with a commissary wretchedly managed, with fatal ignorance again and again about river fords and mountain passes, with forced obedience of unthinking soldiers. There is no thinking there."

"Why do you ignore the Church in all these discussions?"

"Because there is no real belief in the Church or the Church's God. Most educated people here are indifferent, some go to church as a matter of habit, most are freethinkers; while the workmen and peasants merely follow blindly a creed of dead formalism, superstition, and ignorance."

"But I see them cross themselves in the streets before every ikon."

"As you turn out your toes when walking. Follow them into church and see for yourself. There is no thinking there."

"And the bureaucracy?"

"There are few thinking men among them. For generations their very system, fostering espionage, intrigue, and flattery; discouraging all real independent thinking in terms of the nation's welfare; constantly checking officials who wished to think and act so—this system has slowly weeded out able men. They have left in disgust." This is the common answer not only of liberals but of impatient business men who until recently were most conservative. Only one man, prominent in industrial circles, gave me a different answer. "I make two exceptions," he said. "I know two men high up in the bureaucracy; in your country they might be heads of great industries; either one could do a vast deal toward guiding the Government now, but neither would be Minister of the Interior on any account. Why? Because in their present positions they draw large salaries and make vast sums besides; and they are safe. If one of them became Minister, he would not only have millions of Russian people criticising and condemning his every action, but this whole huge dead bureaucracy would begin at once to drag him down as they have dragged down others—by ceaseless red tape, intrigue, and hindrance." Another, a hopeless Russian who laughs at bureaucrats and liberals alike, said only, "Allow me to raise the curtain." A few minutes later he led me through lofty endless halls, past hundreds of rooms, finally entered one, and introduced me to an affable little man in narrow-shouldered frock suit, with a minutely trimmed beard and smiling, contented eyes. When told that American employers work from nine o'clock until five or six, he placed one hand in his bosom and spoke at length in Russian. I glanced around the big room, at a handsomely framed picture of the Czar, at a holy ikon with a candle—"the everlasting light"—burning before it; at a long table where three stout men and a thin one, all in uniforms, sat smoking, chatting, and sipping tea. My hopeless friend spoke up. "He says they all work from one o'clock until four, except on the ninety-six holidays, and that three hours' hard brain-work a day has been proved by all wise psychologists to be all

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the brain can endure. I shall now drop the curtain."

The Military, the Church, the Bureaucracy—this is the whole system of the Czar. "This system," one business man told me, "is doing what the ice does in spring on the Neva."

And Society is rising over it, for Society believes that men must think freely.

The zemstvos represent the landowners. The land has been slowly starved for years—"sweated"—because the peasants are kept ignorant, and employ methods that American farmers forgot a century back. So, for forty years, these zemstvos have asked for reforms. Being reformers, their powers have one by one been choked, their sessions shortened, their meetings watched by spies. Still they have gone on thinking. Three years ago their officials gathered in secret one by one; one year ago in secret they met in Moscow; three months ago they met again, in secret no longer but still illegally, and demanded a new Government for Russia. They believe that men must think freely.

So shout the students. For a hundred years the System has closed slowly tighter on the universities and schools. "Now," said one student in broken English, "the professors are like the bureaucracy. All—all thinkers are weeded out—all now are—how you say—sowers—sowers of stupidity—lecture-rooms are nearly empty—always so. These genteelmen are allowed to teach only paragraphs from books. They point always back—back to that—what you call—graveyard—the Past. They teach nothing that will build the personality and make him ready for strong life. And we—it is lawless for us to come together and think free by ourselves—always the spies—always the gendarme—he come into a room, five students there talk—'Ha! I catch! What you talk is no matter.' Then—the boot—so. Out. This lawless, disloyal student—they geeve him a 'wolf's passport.' With this excellent paper he can enter no other school in Russia." This is only a picturesque expression of what I have heard from much higher sources. This is the past.

The present I saw yesterday when I lunched with three students in the dining-room of the mechanical engineers. The big hall was a cloud of smoke from two hundred or more cigarettes. From twenty long tables tea steamed its fragrance. Boys of twenty and men of thirty-five were there. There were many types; smooth faces and slight figures, strong figures, trim mustaches, black sparkling eyes, heavy beards, long unkempt hair and round shoulders. All were in the uniform ordered by the old Czar who founded this school long ago; all were now out on strike against this Czar's descendant. The talking rose and fell and rose again—an endless excited burst of free speech. Along the wall hung a long line of bulletins. "The only free press in Russia," one of the students told me proudly. "They tear down some—we put up others—news from all over Russia—news of the Revolution." Three months ago these students were beaten by hundreds on the streets, some were killed, many were put in jail. A week ago these students gathered, three thousand of them, in a hall; feelings so long pent up burst all bonds; they dragged the great picture of the Czar from the wall and tore it to shreds, crying, "Down with the autocracy!" They believe that men must think freely.

The authors have gone on thinking—in prison and out. Maxim Gorky and Andryeff—one just out of jail, the other just gone in—are only two of hundreds who for years have been sowing seeds and are now striving to guide the deep primal forces rising on every side. So, too, the journalists. Most liberal papers employ a "sitting editor" whose only business it is to be arrested and sit in jail, while the editor quietly continues his lawless work of setting men thinking.

From all these classes of thinkers come the Social Democrats and the Social Revolutionists. These people have begun to think in new and startling ways. They have devoted their lives to certain new social ideals. They have labored day and night among workingmen and peasants. Their numbers have suddenly swelled to a million. They believe many new things. But just now,

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first and foremost, they believe that men must think freely.

So the tides have risen. And now?

To an American it would seem as though the very thing men should do here is to gather, not under a guarded commission of the Czar, but in hundreds of popular meetings to think and talk freely. All parties have thought so long in secret that now, as one keen American told me, "There are twice as many clashes as there should be. Men need to get together and thrash things out." Perhaps this thrashing process will take hundreds of years. At present the gulfs between seem fathomless.

The zemstvoists fear the revolutionists. The revolutionists despise the zemstvoists. "Good," said one Social Democrat two days ago to whom I talked about America. "Graft. It is a good word. Half of these zemstvos men are grafters."

The Social Democrats talk almost as bitterly against the Social Revolutionists as against the bureaucracy.

Then there are clashes on the Jewish question. Not long ago I talked with one of the wealthiest Jews in Russia. "Do you think," I asked him, "that the Kishineff massacre came from the Government or from the people?" For a moment he was silent. "I hope," he replied at last, "that it was not from the Russian people. For if it was, then the Jews here may as well be buried deep in the earth forever." He paused again, and added, "I believe that the Kishineff massacre was secretly stirred up by the revolutionists. They always strive for violence and unrest." Later from Jewish radicals I heard equally strong opinions about "rich Jewish bourgeois." And again from Russians I have heard many clashing opinions for and against the Jews. "They are wolves," said one, "who if let loose will soon have all the money in Russia." "They are the most intelligent citizens we have," said another, "and their devotion to social ideals is proved by this—that in all the parties struggling here for freedom the Jews have been valuable leaders from the very start."

And the industrial clash—employer and workmen. "The demands of these new labor unions are absurd," said a man who speaks for large industrial interests. "They wish to change from the piece to the time system. This means loafing, decreased output, and financial ruin. They wish to have a voice in the running of our business. This means anarchy. Both requests we must absolutely refuse." As he spoke I recalled a talk I had last August in Chicago with the president of the meat trust. The world seemed suddenly small, countries seemed alike, the labor question seemed eternal. Surely here is great need of free discussion.

"All these clashing opinions the autocracy tries to crush and keep apart. So it has tried in the past," said a man who served thirteen years in the Arctic regions of northern Siberia. He told me this story. The facts he gave I have corroborated from other sources. The story is only one of scores I have heard.

"She was a girl of twenty-two, just finishing the university. As now, so then, the university was a place of deadened books and deadened lectures; a place of spies and censors. But deep under this dead world was a world live and vital with new thoughts, new longings, new social ideals. In this underworld she lived, and lost all desires of self, and grew ready to give her life for Russia's freedom. On leaving the university she began work in a secret revolutionary press. This press was run by a man of twenty-five who had also been a student. To better escape the suspicions of spies these two were married. The marriage was at first a mere form, to enable them to work together.

"There were friends who helped them. One was an army captain. He was arrested and sentenced to be hanged because he had spoken his convictions. This man was a weakling. Death was to him a fearful thing. To escape it he turned traitor, and was forced to go back among his friends—a spy. In the years that followed he betrayed hundreds of men and women who trusted him. For this the autocracy told him that he was a loyal subject. His conscience told him that he was a murderer. Remorse swelled. At last, to revenge himself on the Government that had

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made him what he was, this man killed his high official patron. He escaped. Some say that he still lives—in Mexico.

"Well, this spy betrayed the girl and her husband. Then, in a fit of remorse, he came and warned them. They fled to Kieff and went on working. From their work, from their ideals and their sympathies, grew love. They became as man and wife. Two months later, in 1884, with fifty others, they were arrested. The same spy had again sold them.

"For some time the girl had now been with child. The judge in Moscow, strangely enough, was merciful. Some of the prisoners he released with light sentences. The girl was given life exile in Siberia. Her husband was given twelve years of penal labor in Siberia, and after that life exile. They were happy. The girl wrote me the good news in a letter which was smuggled to me, for I myself was then in prison. They had dreaded a punishment far worse. They were happy because they could still live together, for their love had become very deep. The child had been born in that Moscow prison, where they had awaited trial eleven months. Every morning for a few minutes she had been allowed to see him and show him the child. They hoped for life together. So they were happy.

"But at Petersburg some one was not happy. In this trial of fifty not a man had been condemned to be hanged. So the merciful judge was reprimanded in a way which killed all his hopes for the brilliant career he had just begun. He died a few weeks later. Then from Petersburg came the thing they had dreaded. The court of justice was set aside. The husband must be entombed twelve years in Schlusselburg—the Russian Bastille. He was not a strong man. It meant death. In the night he was told; the same night he was taken out.

"In the morning she came to their meeting-place and waited there for him until some one told her. By evening she had gone mad. The next week her boy died. Then she wrote me a second letter—a letter of mad curses against all things in earth, in heaven, and in hell. That was a bad morning when I read it in my cell.

"And so she died, and was buried at night, none of us know where. Then for six years the man lived alone in his tomb. He knew nothing of his wife's death. Hope made him strong. His term was half over.

"There were tappings on his cell walls, tappings from friends in other cells. As each new prisoner came in he was taught the code and talked to the others and told them of the world. Of each new prisoner this man had asked for news of his wife and boy, but he heard nothing, for the other prisoners, who knew the truth, warned each newcomer not to tell. So passed six years of hoping.

"Then the next cell became empty. It was soon filled by a new prisoner. The others had no time to warn him. It happened that he had been in the Moscow prison when the wife went mad; and he tapped this story to the husband. There were no taps in answer. For a long time that cell was silent, and when the taps began again, the next day they were mad taps. And so for three years this man raged or sulked in his cell.

"Then, when the disease had left him a feeble lunatic, he was sent, in order that he might do no harm to Russia, to live in a 'yurt' in Siberia near the Arctic Circle. For many years I myself lived in a 'yurt.' It is a round peaked hut with a hole in the roof. It is sealed all winter. Inside lie hairy naked men and women, a horse and some pigs, and the exile. If you go out for air, they follow you and make you come back. This is natural, for they must die if you escape. They are not cruel, only simple, savage creatures. The man I speak of still lives in one of these yurts. An exile who saw him writes that he is still half-witted. For a mate he has taken a savage woman.

"The girl who went mad? Yes, I know her very well. She was my sister."

This is the Past. "Thou shalt not think."

"Thou shalt." So decrees a new power made of steel: the machine has come to Russia.

Its coming at first was slow. While in all other civilized countries this power was silently working that complete revolu-

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tion of society which society is only now beginning dimly to perceive, in Russia its advance was blocked by ignorance. The angry peasants smashed machines by thousands. The nobility lacked the enterprise and energy of American capitalists. But the new power could not be kept back. Germans, Belgians, English, Americans, came to Russia with machines. Peasants slowly became workingmen. In the past ten years their number has doubled. There are three million of them now—peasants gathered in factories by hundreds, in cities by tens of thousands. Learning slowly to work together—and think together. The old system gathered peasants in stagnant, isolated village groups of hundreds. The new has gathered in this city alone a group of three hundred thousand. As in other countries so in Russia, this city group is slowly welded together. And thinking begins.

I have seen pictures of this thinking in the Chicago stockyards, in New York sweatshops, on the docks of New York harbor. I shall see more in Germany, England, and France. This month I have begun to see them in Russia. To see them here at this time is like catching glimpses of a deep, steady river in the middle of chaos.

"This labor movement is old as the factories, but it only began hard about ten years ago." The speaker was a workingman elector to the Czar's commission. His face was lean and creased; he had very large gray eyes, which stared at me steadily while he talked. "The Socialists, the educated people, they have helped a great deal. Most of us are Socialists now. But we began before the Socialists. The first was before I was born. We had big strikes here in '87, in '92, and '96—all without unions; we felt we must strike, that was all. Then, to keep us safe, the autocracy six years ago made here a very big union—over a hundred thousand workmen. Here we were allowed to meet and talk about hours and wages and raise money for any of us who were sick. We were forbidden to talk about other things. Police or spies were always there. This policeman's union was spoiled. In spite of spies we talked in corners by twos and threes. We thought that such bad times of famine must be because something very big was wrong. We wanted to talk out loud about everything. Then they stopped the union. They told us we were lawless Anarchists. We did not believe them. We had begun to think, and we would not stop. We kept thinking by threes and fours on streets, in factories, in our tenements. The spies came everywhere, but they could only arrest a few. The jails could not hold three hundred thousand.

"We were very careful about these spies. When Gapon came a few years later, we thought he was a spy. The Government thought so, too, and so they let him try to gather us for more of their police unions. But he was not a spy. Gapon was an honest man who used to think that monarchy was a good thing, but after he had lived among us he changed his mind. Still, he was an educated man and had read Count Tolstoy's books, and he thought we must be peaceable. So we marched peaceably to ask the Little Father to give us more freedom."

About this time a child began to cry softly in the next room. The big man went out. He was there a long time. My interpreter had time to translate some points he had omitted in the running translation. Then the cries in the other room changed to low laughter. The man came back.

"My wife has gone mad and has been five weeks in the big hospital," he remarked, quietly. "She was with me in that procession. Would we have taken our wives if we had meant violence? The things she saw made her go mad late that evening. We all saw these things, and decided that the Little Father would never be any good for us again. I know we must have high people over us; we ourselves are not yet educated enough to manage a country; but these high people must be in a different system of government. We do not believe in these Czar's commissions; they are like the policeman's unions. I will show why." He showed me an official paper signed by the Putilloff employers and saying that he had been duly elected by the workingmen there as one of their

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representatives. "In this factory are twelve thousand men. We have elected sixty-three delegates. All are Socialists. They will be good for us, no matter what happens, for they are leaders. But see, the autocracy tells us sixty-three to meet and choose twenty-six of us; then these twenty-six must choose two, and these two deputies must go to the Commission to meet other workmen deputies. You see they keep sifting us, hoping to pick out the men who are not 'lawless.' In our sixty-three electors there were no men who were not 'lawless.' So yesterday, as soon as we twenty-six had elected the two, these two were arrested. You see, it will be so with all their Commissions. What we can do is only to stop work peaceably. This saves very much time. We want to save time; they want to waste it."

The next day I walked down the halls of a hospital—only one of the big buildings still filled with wounded. My interpreter stopped a nurse and asked her in which corridor were the wounded workmen. "In all, in all," she said, impatiently. We entered one, and walked slowly down between the long lines of cots. Over each was a big card dated January 9 (in the European calendar this means January 22), the day of the processions. There were faces and forms on those cots which are better left undescribed. You see wounds must be ugly when a man is still on his back five weeks after he received them. "All by the Cossacks?" we asked an attendant. He looked up and down the long rows. "All except Number 43," he answered. The faces were white, but not heroic—only bored. One workman yawned and remarked quietly: "It is very dull and bad here. But never mind; the very best future is coming."

"In our factory," said a man whom I saw the next day, "we want none of these Czar commissions; we want to make our own commissions. For this Czar commission (the Commission of Shidlofsky), they told us to meet and elect electors, who would elect deputies. So we met last Sunday at nine o'clock. There are nine thousand in our factory; there were over eight thousand in the meeting. Picture of it? No, it was no picture—only the big factory courtyard, sheds, sooty walls and chimneys—all covered with dirty snow. We all stood in the snow for six hours; one moved much; and we listened to about twenty or thirty speakers, who got up one after another on a chair which was on a table. At first they had Cossacks all around the yard, but we all made a little strike and said we would all go home unless they did, so they went. As soon as they were gone, about ten men jerked back their rough, ragged coats and showed their student uniforms beneath. At this many men cheered, but some of us were suspicious. We soon learned that these 'students' were all Government spies, and so we made them all go away. Besides this there was a workman spy who got up and made a speech, saying, 'We have nothing to want.' At this some of the younger men cried out, 'Let us push him along on his face in the factory ditch.' But we told them this was a mistake, and we took him politely off the table and told him to go.

"Then the real speakers began. Each had been elected before by the men of the factory room in which he worked. Some were skilled, high-paid workmen; some were only helpers. All spoke for political freedom. 'We want no more wars all over the world,' cried one, and everybody clapped. All around me some half-deaf, tired old men were asking eagerly, 'What was it he said—what was it?' When they knew they all cried, 'He is right; our boys are being killed all over the world—we want no wars.' And always the speakers kept saying, 'It is not five kopecks more an hour; it is our rights to be free men; we want no more of the autocracy!' Everybody clapped and cheered.

"After they had spoken four hours, some of us made a committee, and in two hours, while everybody stood waiting, we made this resolution." He showed me a crumpled piece of paper. "This we copied perhaps fifty times. Everybody heard the resolution, and then the fifty copies were handed around. By three o'clock seven thousand men had signed their names; a few had to make marks, but most could write; we all de-

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cided not to wait for the one thousand left, and the meeting was closed. We would elect no one till these demands were granted."

The resolutions read as follows:

"We have been offered a share in the Commission of Shidlofsky, made to investigate the needs of St. Petersburg workmen. It is demanded of us that we send deputies into these commissions. In order that our *actual* needs shall be laid before this Commission we make these demands.

"Before choosing deputies we should enjoy the right of having many free meetings in which we shall all talk about our needs. Before these assemblies meet there must be set free all those arrested comrades who have been suffering for the cause of the workmen. [From this factory alone one hundred and seventy had either been arrested or had disappeared during the 9th of January troubles.] The elections must be absolutely free from spies and police. The elections must be direct; the deputies shall not be chosen by electors, but directly by us, so there shall be no sifting out the men we really want. The elections shall be secret—every man shall write down the names of the men he wants on a special piece of paper. The elections must be just—neither age, nor rate of pay, nor time of service can count. All who share in these meetings and all who are chosen deputies shall have a guarantee that they will not be arrested. If the Commission meets, all meetings must be open to the press and full publicity must be given."

These workmen were thinking by themselves. A few nights later I watched some others who were thinking under guidance. It was in a night school. To reach it we took a cold little steam tram which jolted slowly along for over an hour. Then we left it and walked off through the snow-storm. This was one of the greatest tenement districts in Russia. It reminded me somewhat of the stockyards district in Chicago. To the left, along the Neva for miles, mills and factories loomed black and sooty through the falling snowflakes. Massive chimneys towered above. To the right were tiny shops, huge tenements, and little old frame houses. Looking down the narrow, crooked, unpaved alleys, the district seemed to stretch endlessly back. All along the sidewalk every few paces we came upon little groups of workmen, twenties, tens, and twos. "And yet he is our Father," came one doubtful voice through the snowflakes. A loud laugh replied. Farther on, over a hundred Cossacks rode by us.

We turned into a dark archway under a six-story tenement and came out into a wide quadrangle. In the rear was an old brick tenement, which we entered. The stone stairs were wet, the walls were moldy and dripping. A stout little boy who sat on a step with a four-year-old girl told us where to go. We swung back an iron door, then an inner door, and were in the rear of the meeting.

It was a long, narrow room, lighted by two lamps which hung from the low ceiling. Their light shone down on two hundred faces intent and motionless. From the front of the room came a woman's voice—low, restrained, only now and then trembling slightly. "This is a lecture in history," whispered my companion. And a few moments later—"She is describing the Paris revolution of 1848." Behind her stood a blackboard and a few other simple school furnishings. The room was rude but scrupulously clean, the walls were freshly painted. Half of the two hundred men sat on benches; the others stood up. The one aisle was packed to the front. All wore their heavy overcoats. Here and there under a coat you could see a student's uniform, but ninety per cent. were workmen; nearly all were young, between twenty and thirty-five. "She is describing how Socialism grew in France," my friend whispered. I was watching a thick-set young man to my left. He had heavy black hair, a bristling, close-cut mustache, heavy eyebrows. His broad face was lean and brown, the cheek-bones prominent. He sat with a hand on each knee, leaning forward. Now and then he turned aside and breathed deeply, thinking hard, and then again bent forward. "She explains now why the French workmen decided they must rise for political freedom." To my right stood a man of thirty-five. He had been

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standing for a long time in his heavy sheepskin; his tired shoulders slouched forward, his hands were clasped in front holding his cap. His bearded face, though more tired than the young man's, was quite as intent. Just behind him sat a pretty young girl of perhaps eighteen, becomingly dressed in fur hat and jacket. I had met her once before in a small public library near by; she belonged to a little group of workingmen and girls who had been most eager to hear about the labor movement in America. They had surprised me by their knowledge of the coal strike, the meat strike, etc. She looked now more eager than ever, bending forward with one arm thrown round the girl next her, who had no hat or coat but only two old shawls, the outer one of brown, the inner one of gray and quite ragged. I turned back to the older man; his face had suddenly lightened; so had all the faces massed around his; eyes gleamed. The young girl and her companion were now holding each other close. The young man to my left had risen. From in front the woman's voice was still low, but it shook slightly. "She is telling how they went to work to build the barricades," my friend whispered.

A few minutes later we sat in the front of a much smaller room. "A class in geography," remarked my guide. The teacher was a heavy man, with broad bearded face and quiet brown eyes which looked steadily through his glasses up toward the ceiling in the rear, while he talked in dry, even tones. Behind him were shelves of books, drawings of machines, and other aids to thinking. Close in front were the heads of four tables. Down the sides of these tables sat young workingmen—about forty of them. All were leaning toward the speaker, some resting their heads on elbows. From time to time this geography teacher passed around pictures of handsome public school houses in New York, of municipal tenements in Berlin and London, and other things of the kind. "He is explaining how these things are all little illustrations of Socialism; he shows that when workmen learn to vote properly they can have as many of these places as they like." One older big bearded workman was laboriously taking notes on an old scrap of paper. A young man with smooth face, strong jaws, and very bright, intelligent eyes sat smiling straight at the wall—as if he saw something else there. "Now he describes how the boycott is used in America. The boycott and the union label." The faces were doubly interested, leaning far forward along the table. I have seen many groups of such faces in America; never any more intelligent than these. Most of these men were skilled workmen. They had struck on account of the underpaid masses of men beneath them; then some of them had been killed; and these others had kept on striking—but this time for political freedom.

The door behind me was opened quietly, and a young man came in—the most intelligent-looking workman I have met so far in Petersburg. He looked prosperous, clear-eyed, erect. His cap was off, and the heavy coat was thrown over one shoulder. He had curly hair, a light mustache, and lips that smiled comfortably. He was one of those workmen who had been dressed in new clothes and presented to the Czar and then given a fine dinner—shortly after the massacre. He had come back to this room then as now, smiling, and had given such an account as had sent the whole group into roars of laughter. To-night he had come from the big meeting of several hundred electors who had been called to elect deputies for the Czar's Commission. The session had lasted all day and until nine at night. All had about agreed to refuse to elect—all but the cotton weavers. These weavers, being among the lowest paid of the whole three hundred thousand, thought that a higher wage was all they needed.

As he talked on the others all stood up and crowded forward—a mass of eager faces, now intent and thinking hard, now breaking into laughter. He described how these weavers had told him that they would even go by themselves to the Commission, and by being so respectful would be given all the favors and would get ahead of all other workmen. "I wonder if we want to get all the favors and get ahead of all other

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workmen," he asked now; and they all laughed again. Then he suddenly grew serious, and talked slowly. "You see, if we once get the right to think and speak to any one we please, we can set all Russian workmen and peasants thinking; we can then find out why there are such bad times in Russia; we can decide what we want to do about it; and then we can vote and make laws, and Russia will be whatever most of the people want Russia to be. That will take a long time. But now we must have the right to speak and think openly, and so set everybody thinking."

The next morning I stood at the doors of the big building where the electors were to continue their discussion. The doors were closed, and on them was nailed an official notice, refusing certain demands the electors had made, and saying: "Only economic demands will be considered. All workman deputies who confine themselves to such requests will be insured immunity from punishment."

"We don't want to talk about wages," said one of the little group around me. He spoke quietly, for close behind us were a dozen police, and in the windows of the private house opposite you could see the heads of many soldiers. Every few moments more workmen arrived, the group was doubled, and then the police broke it in half. Soon a young workman came up on the run. In his hand he held a paper just issued—the Czar's manifesto calling on all loyal subjects to stand by the Holy Church and their Czar against his deadly enemies. He began to read, "We, by the grace of God, Nicholas the Second, Czar of all the Russias"—he read on in a low voice while the heads clustered close. When he finished he glanced up angrily. "Well, now we must get out bombs!" "No," said an older man, who had quiet brown eyes. "We must not. We must just stop work quietly. All together." He pointed to a penciled note he had found on the door. It was by a workman official directing the different district groups of these electors to meet in other places that afternoon.

At three o'clock I went to one of these places where the presidents of all the groups had met for a last consultation. The street was crowded with correspondents from all over the world; none were allowed to enter. Police and Cossacks were on guard. Suddenly the doors burst open. Out came the workmen, some thirty of them, angry, gloomy, impatient. With them came police who had been in their meeting. "We will have no police!" cried one, shaking his fist in the face of an officer. "We have been cheated—cheated—cheated!" The cries rose higher, hats were waved, the police closed in. "Strike! Strike!" the men shouted, and they scattered up and down the street bearing this message all over the city.

Since then, all afternoon and evening I have driven round and round through the factory districts. Everywhere the streets are quiet, for everywhere are mounted Cossacks and police. But all along the sidewalks are groups of fives and tens and fifties—constantly gathering—constantly broken—only to gather again—an endless, silent series of attempts at free meetings; so these workmen are all suddenly thinking and talking freely. For, as the Putilloff workman had told me, "The jails cannot hold three hundred thousand."

Many things may happen. These men may break out into riots and be mowed down by artillery, or they may—as is much more likely—be starved out and give in. Or, again, this strike may even set the autocracy to thinking. The autocracy may grant a national assembly. In this case the strike will have been won.

The workmen are not the only powers at work. There are many other powers here working for political freedom. The situation is chaos. In chaos it was refreshing to see those pictures in the factory districts, for such pictures do not belong to Russia alone. They belong to a world series entitled "Workingmen Set Thinking." To say that all will not soon be better in Russia is as blind and unreasonable as though one were to say, "A century hence there will still be a King in England or an Emperor in Germany."

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THE STORY OF PORT ARTHUR[1]

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in the Far East

IV.—The Assault That Failed

IT is almost impossible to understand the operations at Port Arthur without some knowledge of the geography of the country and the positions of the Russian forts. I have therefore drawn for this article a sketch map of the fortress and its vicinity, which, although rough in execution, is fairly accurate, and is based partly on my own observations and partly on the map of the Japanese General Staff.

When the Third Army completed its investment of Port Arthur, at the end of July, its lines extended, in a somewhat irregular semicircle of ten or twelve miles, from a point just west of 203-Meter Hill (No. 1 on the map) to a point on the seacoast near the high intrenched hill of Hsiokushan (No. 22 on the map). Throughout nearly the whole of this semicircle the Japanese occupied a line of barren hills, three hundred to seven hundred feet in height, from which the Russians had previously been driven. Between this line of hills and the nearly concentric line made by the eastern half of the Russian fortifications there was a wide, undulating valley, which extended from the seacoast in front of Hsiokushan (No. 22) to the large Chinese village of Shuishi (No. 8) and then curved southward between the great permanent forts of Itzushan (No. 6) and Sungshushan (No. 11) to the shore of the western harbor. In the outline of its medial axis this valley was somewhat like a bent arm, with the shoulder at Hsiokushan (No. 22), the elbow at Shuishi (No. 8), and the hand at the new town of Port Arthur. In the area inclosed by this bent arm lay what may be called the eastern sector of the Russian defensive line, consisting of six permanent forts and an equal or greater number of intrenched hills. The strongest and most important of the forts were Sungshushan, Ehrlungshan, and the forts of North and East Keekwan (Nos. 11, 12, 17, and 18).

The country west of Shuishi village (No. 8) is more broken and irregular than that on the eastern side, and consists of a sea of treeless hills, separated one from another by comparatively narrow valleys or ravines. Nearly all the hills facing the Japanese line of investment had been strongly intrenched, and served as outworks for the great permanent forts of Itzushan, Antzushan, and Tayankau (Nos. 6, 5, and 3), which, with a number of fortified hills and ridges, constituted the western sector of the Russian defensive line. The two sectors—eastern and western—were separated by the Shuishi valley, through which ran the railway and the old wagon road from Kinchow. The western harbor of Port Arthur, and a part of the new town, could be seen from a number of the hills in the Japanese line of investment, but the eastern harbor and the old town were hidden by the high hills of Pehyushan and Wangtai (Nos. 24 and 25).

After making a careful survey of the situation, in the early days of August, General Nogi determined to begin operations by dislodging the enemy from Takushan (No. 21). This precipitous, Gibraltar-like hill was very high, and was so situated as to command a view not only of the whole eastern sector of the Russian defensive line, but of a part of the country in the rear of the Japanese position. The enemy, moreover, had a battery of seven or eight guns on its summit, and could not only harass the Japanese in the positions they then occupied, but pour an enfilading fire upon them in case they should attempt

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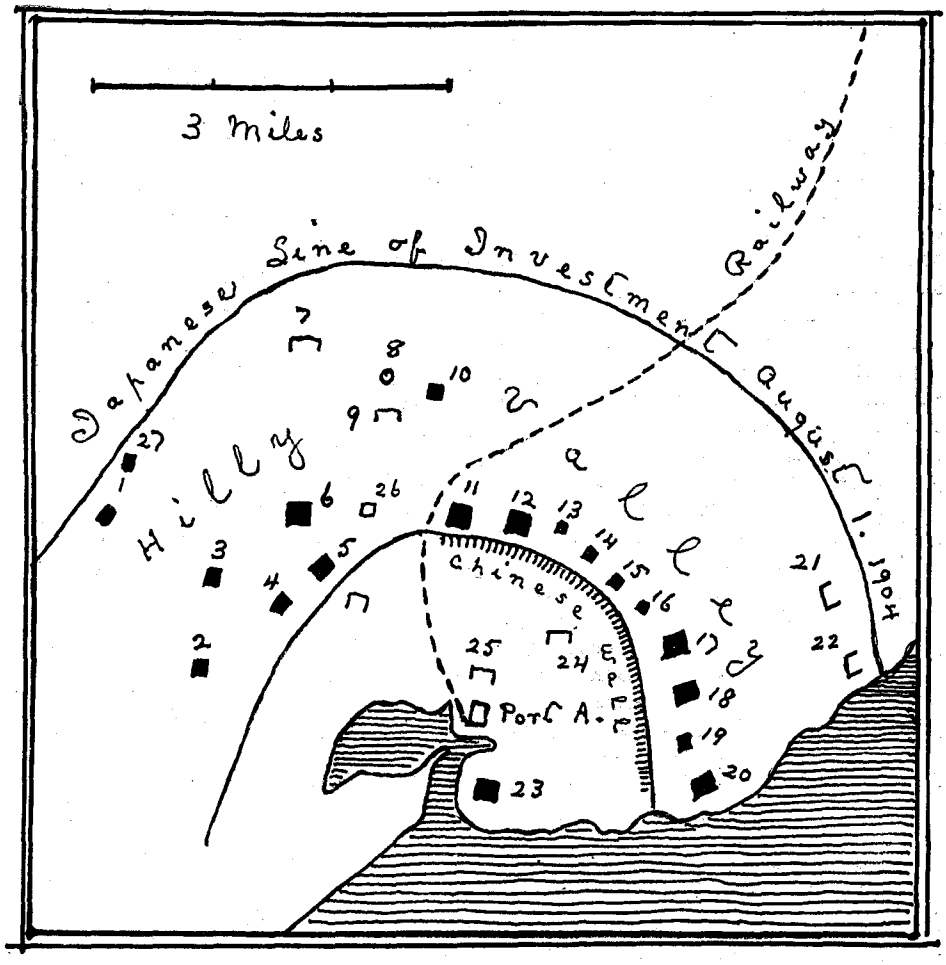

RUSSIAN FORTS AND INTRENCHED POSITIONS

1—203-Meter Hill. Strongly intrenched position with covered rifle pits and a tunnel through the hill.
2, 3, and 4—The Tayankau forts. One permanent.
5—Antzushan. Permanent fort.
6—Itzushan. Permanent fort.
7—Kantashan. Intrenched position.
8—Village of Shuishi (Shuishiying).
9—Lunettes with crown-work and moat.
10—Kuropatkin fort. New.
11—Sungshushan (Shojusan). Permanent fort, with outworks.
12—Ehrlungshan (Niryusan, Lulonshan). Permanent fort.
13—Hachimaki yama (Turban fort). Intrenched position.
14—West Panlungshan fort (Banjusan). Strongly intrenched hill.
15—East Panlungshan fort (Banjusan). Strongly intrenched hill.
16—P fort (Ichinohe). Strongly intrenched hill.
17—North Keekwan (Keikan). Permanent fort.
18—East Keekwan (Keikan). Permanent fort.
19—Pehyinshan. Permanent fort.
20—Laoluitsi (Rorishi). Permanent fort.
21—Takushan. High intrenched hill.
22—Hsiokushan. High intrenched hill.
23—Golden Hill fort and signal station. Permanent.
24—Wangtai (Bodai). Very high intrenched hill with battery of 11-inch guns.
25—Pehyushan fort. Intrenched position.
26—Walled barrack with field guns.
27—174-Meter Hill. Strongly intrenched position.

Some of these forts have aliases, or names that are variously spelled. I have adopted the names or spelling of the Japanese official reports, and put the variations in brackets.

to cross the valley and attack the forts of the eastern sector. On every account, therefore, it was extremely desirable to get possession of this hill, and General Nogi decided to take it by means of a night assault. At half-past seven o'clock on the evening of August 7, the Eleventh Division, which constituted the left wing of the Third Army, advanced to the attack, in several co-operating columns, under cover of a heavy bombardment from five or six batteries of naval guns and small siege howitzers. A severe storm of wind and rain, which came up just after sunset, made the ascent of the steep slopes extremely

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difficult; but the attacking columns struggled upward, under a heavy fire from Hsiokushan (No. 22) and the forts of the eastern sector, and finally succeeded, about midnight, in gaining the summit and occupying a part of the enemy's position. Fighting continued throughout the night and the forenoon of the next day, but at 1:30 P.M. on the 8th the last of the Russian garrison slowly and stubbornly retired, leaving the hill in undisputed possession of the Japanese. The latter then proceeded to assault the neighboring hill of Hsiokushan (No 22), and, after having been once or twice repulsed, they finally captured it, by a renewed night attack, at 4:30 A.M. on the 9th. In the afternoon of the same day the Russians attempted to regain possession of these important hills by assaulting them under cover of a heavy fire from war-ships off the coast; but, after five or six hours of fighting, their storming parties were repulsed and their war-ships were driven back to Port Arthur. The series of engagements which resulted in the capture of these hills cost the Japanese 1,200 or 1,400 men in killed and wounded; but Takushan alone was worth that sacrifice, merely as a place of observation. It was from this hill that they afterward directed the fire of their big siege howitzers against all the Russian forts of the eastern sector. Having taken Takushan and Hsiokushan, General Nogi turned his attention to the outlying intrenched hills in front of his right center, and between August 10 and August 15 the First Division, which constituted the right wing of his army, drove the Russians from Kantashan (No. 7) and also from a chain of strongly intrenched heights between Kantashan and 203-Meter Hill. This enabled the Japanese to draw their line of investment a little closer in that part of the field, as well as to secure advantageous positions for batteries of artillery.

About this time, apparently, General Nogi made up his mind to attempt the capture of Port Arthur by a general assault; and on the 16th of August he sent Major Yamaoka to the enemy's lines with a summons to surrender, coupled with a suggestion that if surrender were refused, General Stoessel should send out his women and non-combatants, whom the Japanese would conduct to a place of safety. The Russian commander declined to surrender, and did not wish to send out his non-combatants; so on the 19th of August, under cover of a heavy bombardment from naval guns, light siege mortars, and field artillery, the Third Army began the most unfortunate and disastrous assault in its history—an assault which continued, almost without intermission, for five days, and which cost the Japanese not less than 15,000 men. The serious fighting, at first, was mainly confined to the area in front of the right wing, where the First Division made a determined attack upon the two intrenched hills known, from their height in meters, as 174 and 203 (Nos. 1 and 27 on the map). These positions had been made so strong, however, by means of bomb-proofs, steel-roofed trenches, and lines of wire entanglement, that they were almost as formidable as the permanent forts, and the storming parties of the First Division, after making a series of desperate charges up steep slopes, swept by the fire of rifles and machine guns, were finally compelled, at nightfall, to retire to their camps. They renewed their attack, however, on the morning of the 20th, and after very heavy fighting succeeded, about noon, in taking 174-Meter Hill, with a loss of 1,400 or 1,500 men.

At the same time that the First Division attacked 174-Meter Hill, the Ninth and Eleventh Divisions, which constituted the center and left wing, moved against the forts of the eastern sector; but it soon became apparent that these forts could not be reached—much less captured—until the maze of wire entanglements that screened them had been pierced or destroyed. Throughout the 19th and 20th, therefore, the sappers and miners of the center and left wing devoted themselves mainly to this work. Small parties of men, equipped with shears and hatchets, charged again and again up the slopes of the hills, content to die if they could only pull down a post or two or cut a few strands of wire. Most of them did die, but they accomplished something before they perished. Sometimes a single man, dressed in

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sand-bag clothing which had the color of the ground and made him almost invisible, would crawl up at night, lying still, face upward, every now and then, as if he were dead, and would finally succeed in reaching the entanglement and in making fast ropes to two or three of the posts. Then he would crawl back to the cover or trench where his comrades lay, and they would all haul together on the ropes and pull the posts down. Hundreds of men were killed or wounded in this work in the course of the first few days; but a few breaches were made in the entanglements at last, and before daylight on the morning of the 21st a column from the Eleventh Division charged the North Keekwan fort, while another from the Ninth attacked the fort or intrenched hill of East Panlungshan. In night attacks the Japanese had previously been very successful; but when they came to assault the Port Arthur forts at night they no longer had the cover of darkness. The Russians illuminated the whole field of action with star rockets and powerful searchlights which they had borrowed from their battle-ships, and the Japanese had to advance and fight in a brilliant glare, which not only blinded them, but hid in a mantle of blackness the position of their enemy. The Russians at that time had no less than nine searchlights, and some of them, which were still in action when I reached the field, were so powerful and penetrating as to show leaves of trees and blades of grass at a distance of more than three miles. Under such conditions night was a dangerous rather than a favorable time for attack, since it gave every advantage to the side that had the searchlights.

In their assault on the North Keekwan fort the Japanese were repulsed with great loss, and were compelled to retreat to the position that they had before occupied. The column that charged the fort or intrenched hill of East Panlungshan was almost annihilated by rifle and machine-gun fire, which came, not only from the position that they were attacking, but also from West Panlungshan, Ehrlungshan, and the North Fort of Keekwan. One whole regiment was virtually wiped out, and some of its officers, among them Colonel Ouchi and Captain Takabatake, were killed by fifteen or twenty rifle bullets which struck them almost simultaneously. When day broke, the only Japanese troops that remained in the vicinity of the fort were twenty sappers and less than a company of infantry, who had taken refuge in a defensive moat, twelve feet wide and ninety feet long, near the crest of the hill. Throughout the day and night of the 21st Major-General Ichinohe threw battalion after battalion against the bomb-proofs and strong covered trenches of the East Panlungshan fort; but without success. Only a few men succeeded in getting across the valley and up the hill, and they were forced to join the fragment of a company that was still hidden in the moat. The situation of the latter, meanwhile, had become almost desperate. Heavy rains had partly filled the moat with water, so that there was no dry place to sit or stand; many wounded men had crawled back there for shelter from the slope above; and the bottom of the deep trench was covered with the bodies of the dead. The sappers, with their intrenching tools, dug a sort of shelf, or banquette, in one wall of the moat, and on this shelf they placed the wounded, while they themselves stood all day and all night in the mud and water. They had eaten all the food that they had brought with them, but they found a few cakes of hard-bread in the pockets of the dead, and when they were thirsty they drank the muddy, blood-stained water in the bottom of the trench.

On the morning of the 22d, when this fragment of a company had spent in the moat about thirty hours, Captain Sugiyama, of the sappers, suggested to Captain Kayukawa, of the infantry company, that, as there seemed to be no prospect of relief and no chance of successful retreat, they should make one more assault on the fort. He had, he said, some high-explosive hand-grenades, and his men might possibly crawl up the hill and throw them into the loopholes or embrasures of the bomb-proof that contained the machine guns. Then, if the bomb-proof were destroyed, they might all make a final charge, and at least die

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fighting, instead of perishing from exhaustion and starvation in the moat. Captain Kayukawa approved this suggestion, and Sergeant Himeno, of the sappers, undertook to crawl up with the explosives. The slope above the moat was covered with the bodies of Japanese dead, and the intrepid sergeant, with infinite slowness and with frequent stops, managed to wriggle up among them to the wall of the bomb-proof without being discovered. Then, lighting the fuse of his grenade, he threw it into one of the loopholes, beside the muzzle of a machine gun. A tremendous explosion followed, and, taking advantage of the confusion that it caused among the defenders, Sergeant Himeno, Private Nakajima, and several other sappers succeeded in throwing more grenades into the loopholes and upon the roof of the bomb-proof. The series of explosions that followed made a wreck of the outer defenses, and Captain Kayukawa, charging with all the men that remained of his company, succeeded in effecting a lodgment inside the fort. Then, waving flags and beckoning to the Japanese troops in the valley far below, they fought desperately, behind such cover as they could find or hastily make, in order to hold their position until they should be reinforced. General Ichinohe, seeing their critical situation, sent a part of Lieutenant-Colonel Orishita's regiment and the Yamamota battalion to their relief, with two machine guns. This column sustained very heavy losses in climbing the hill; but a part of it succeeded in reaching the fort, where it was subsequently reinforced by the Mikami regiment under command of General Takenouchi. A tremendous struggle then ensued for the possession of the hill. General Ichinohe himself hastened to the scene of action, losing two of his staff officers on the way, and, taking command in person, finally drove the enemy out of the fort and down the reverse slope of the hill. Severe fighting continued, however, until after one o'clock, the Russians shelling the hill from Ehrlungshan, North Keekwan, and the slopes of Wangtai. At five o'clock in the afternoon the Japanese took West Panlungshan, by an assault from the fort on the eastern hill of the same name, and thus established themselves on two heights in the very center of the enemy's defensive line.

I shall not attempt to describe the fighting of the next day and a half, since it is hardly possible to do so with the facts at hand. All I need say is that, encouraged by their success at Panlungshan, the Japanese threw themselves again and again upon the permanent forts of the eastern sector—particularly the North Fort of Keekwanshan—tore down wire entanglements; stormed outlying intrenchments and earthworks; tumbled by hundreds into the moats; swarmed over the Chinese wall; fought at night, in the blinding and confusing glare of magnesium rockets and searchlights; and actually succeeded, at last, in reaching the slopes of Wangtai, from which they could look down into the old town of Port Arthur; but they were swept away by thousands in the crossfire of rifles and machine guns from a dozen Russian positions; most of those who got beyond the Chinese wall were killed; and the general assault finally ended, on the 24th of August, in a failure which would have been complete and absolute if the Ninth Division had not succeeded in holding the intrenched hills of Panlungshan. That division alone, however, lost 5,230 men, of whom 1,000 were reported as "missing." These missing men were mostly those who were killed or wounded far inside the Russian lines and whose bodies were never recovered. The Russians, at that time, did not allow the Japanese to collect their dead and wounded, and hundreds of the latter perished slowly from hunger, thirst, and fever on the slopes of Wangtai and under the wire entanglements in front of the permanent forts. I saw their remains—huddled masses of clothing and bones—when I went to the fort of East Panlungshan in November.

It is not my purpose to go into anything like a full discussion of this unfortunate assault; but it demonstrated two or three things that were frequently forced upon my attention after I reached the front, and that seem to me worthy of notice and comment. It showed, in the first

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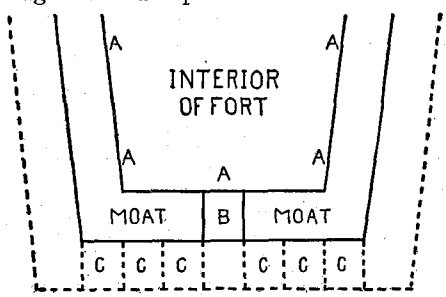
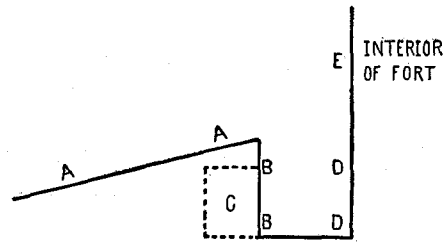
place, the indomitable courage and wonderful resourcefulness of Japanese officers and soldiers, even when isolated and without orders from their superiors. If the handful of sappers and infantrymen in the Panlungshan moat had not acted bravely and intelligently, upon their own initiative, when they found themselves cut off from the main body of the army, General Nogi might not have taken the Panlungshan hills at all, and in that case he would have had little or nothing to show for his tremendous losses. As it was, the courage and resourcefulness of a single company enabled him to get a foothold in the center of the Russian line, and he held that position until the very end of the siege. In the second place, the assault showed that General Nogi, or his superiors, had no definite knowledge of the interior construction of the Russian forts, and no adequate conception of their immense strength. The Intelligence Department of the Japanese army was familiar with the geography and topography of the Kwantung Peninsula, and had accurate information concerning most things Russian in that and in other fields; but it knew little or nothing about the Port Arthur forts. How utterly and absolutely impossible it was to take them by assault will sufficiently appear, I think, from the subjoined diagrams and explanation:



PLAN OF FRONT OF A RUSSIAN FORT

A A A A—parapet.
B—caponiere.
C C C C C—counterscarp casemates.
The counterscarp is the wall of the moat that is farthest away from the parapet. The escarp is the wall of the moat beneath the parapet.

In such a fort as that whose front face is above outlined, the embankment, or parapet, which may be only fifteen or twenty feet above the slope of the glacis, is the only part of the structure that shows above ground. Immediately in front of it is the moat, or ditch. In most of the permanent Russian forts the moat was from thirty to forty-five feet deep, and had perpendicular walls (escarp and counterscarp) of smooth masonry or concrete. All around the moat, in the outer or counterscarp wall, were concrete casemates, or chambers, buried deep underground, and concealed, as well as protected, by the superincumbent earth of the sloping glacis. In a sectional view, a counterscarp casemate would look like this, the dotted lines indicating the walls of the chamber:



A A—glacis, or sloping approach to the moat.
B B—counterscarp.
C—counterscarp casemate, or underground chamber.
D D—escarp.
E—parapet.

The casemates, which were arranged side by side in the outer wall of the moat, opened into one another by means of iron doors, and each of them was loopholed for rifles and machine guns, so that its defenders could sweep the whole floor of the moat with an annihilating fire. They were all in communication with the interior of the fort, either by a tunnel or by means of a bomb-proof covered way known as a caponiere (B in the first plan), which stood transversely across the bottom of the moat, and which opened at one end into the casemates and at the other into a subterranean gallery running under the parapet. This caponiere also had loopholes and rifle slits in both walls, and, owing to its central position, its fire swept the bottom of the moat longitudinally in both directions.

Now imagine a storming party trying to cross this moat in order to attack the parapet. They would have to get down into it, of course, by means of long scaling ladders, on account of its great depth. As soon as they reached the bottom they would be exposed to a cross-fire of rifles and machine guns from at least two or three of the counterscarp

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casemates, as well as from the caponiere, and their situation would be like that of a detachment of ants trying to cross a ditch that was being swept, transversely and longitudinally, by two or three streams of water from a fire-engine. Men might tumble into such a moat as fast as they could rush over the edge of the counterscarp; but until they filled it up with their bodies, few, if any, would succeed in getting across it and in climbing the high precipice of the escarp and parapet. The Russian forts had many other features that deserve attention, but I shall reserve them for description in a later article. All that I aim to do now is to show how hopeless the attempt was to take such forts by storm, before they had even been bombarded by heavy guns. The 11-inch siege howitzers, which the Japanese afterward used with such destructive effect, were not in position at that time; and, with possibly a few exceptions, I think that their heaviest pieces of ordnance were 3-inch siege mortars and 4.7-inch naval guns mounted on wheeled carriages. With such artillery they could knock to pieces ordinary intrenchments, and give a ragged appearance to a parapet; but they could make no impression whatever on such underground works as those that protected the Russian moats.

The official report of the siege says that the North Keekwan fort (No. 17) was "almost destroyed" by the comparatively insignificant fire of the Japanese batteries on the 19th of August; but this, again, only shows how little knowledge the observers and gunners had, at that time, of its construction. As a matter of fact, its defensive strength was hardly lessened in an appreciable degree. In its anterior face it had no less than nine subterranean counterscarp casemates, laid in solid concrete, which commanded the whole front moat. These casemates were connected with the interior of the structure by a long tunnel, which ran around the eastern angle of the counterscarp, then under the glacis for a distance of seventy-five or a hundred feet, and finally, turning to the right, passed under the moat and the parapet and entered the main inclosure of the fort. None of the subterranean works had been destroyed, or even injured, when the Japanese made their assault in August, and consequently there was hardly so much as a possibility that a storming party could get across the moat and scale the parapet. I thought myself that this fort was almost if not quite destroyed by the shells of the big Japanese howitzers in October; but it held out until the 18th of December, and was taken then only after its counterscarp casemates had been undermined by the slow processes of sap, and its parapet had been breached with Shimose powder or dynamite.

The permanent forts Sungshushan, Ehrlungshan, and East Keekwan were equally strong, and some of them had extensive outworks, beyond the glacis, which were protected by mines, formidable entanglements, and lines of insulated wire on low posts through which currents of electricity might be sent at the time of an assault. Finally, these almost impregnable forts were so disposed as to support one another, and were backed by the old Chinese wall which protected and concealed their line of intercommunication. What chance was there that infantry could take such positions by storm, at a time when little or nothing had been done to reduce them? From my point of view, no chance whatever.

It may be thought that in throwing infantry against such forts General Nogi was wholly without justification; but this, it seems to me, would be a hasty and unwarranted conclusion. There were reasons why the capture of Port Arthur in midsummer was important enough to justify the taking of a great risk. The grand strategy of the Japanese for the first campaign included the investment and isolation of Vladivostok, and the execution of this part of the general plan was strictly dependent upon the capture of Port Arthur. It was the intention to send a strong expeditionary force by sea to some point north or south of Vladivostok, and to isolate that city by cutting the railroad and establishing a line of investment on the land side, while the combined fleet blockaded the approaches to the harbor by water. This scheme, however, could not be carried out without the co-operation of Admiral

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Togo, and the latter could not leave the vicinity of Port Arthur until the fortress had been captured. If my information is trustworthy, an army of 40,000 men was held in northern Japan all summer for the Vladivostok expedition, and it was not withdrawn from there until it became evident that Port Arthur would not fall in time to make operations in the north practicable. If General Nogi knew—and of course he did know—that the isolation of Vladivostok was strictly dependent upon the capture of Port Arthur before the summer ended, he would naturally feel inclined to run a good deal of risk in the attempt to take it by assault; and with such knowledge of the forts as he probably possessed at that time, he had reason to believe that an assault might be successful. His soldiers had stormed Nanshan and had driven the Russians from a whole series of strong positions in the Kwantung Peninsula. Would it not be possible, by sacrificing a division, to storm and occupy Port Arthur? He answered the question in the affirmative, made the assault, and lost the division; but he did not get the place, simply for the reason that the forts of the eastern sector could not be taken in that way by any army in the world. He then began digging trenches and parallels, brought up his 11-inch howitzers from Dalny, prepared concrete emplacements for them, and began the siege. Some writers date back the beginning of the siege to the investment of the fortress, to the capture of Nanshan, or even to the isolation of the city by the cutting of the railroad in May, but this seems to me hardly fair. Siege operations, properly so called, did not begin until about the 1st of September—after the assault had failed—and they continued just four months. I doubt very much whether any fortress of equal strength was ever before taken in so short a time.

The Religious Revival and the New Evangelism

By Frederick Morgan Davenport[1]

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THERE is a growing conviction among thoughtful people in America that the typical religious revival has had its day. The great crises of awakening in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have lent aid and comfort to a human proneness towards intermittency of spiritual interest. They have accentuated the seemingly rhythmical transition of populations from the tropical to the glacial in the religious life. The revival is fundamentally a form of impulsive social action. It has never been at the root a movement of deliberation, of intelligent volition, but of feeling, of imagination, of imitation, of social pressure. The extraordinary emphasis of the skillful revival preacher upon the surrender of the will at the climax of emotional appeal has led to an extraordinary amount of conversion by suggestion, which has too frequently never advanced beyond that stage of uncanny human influence. In spite of the great number of genuine changes of moral nature which have taken place as the result of the great revivals, it is becoming clear that very many persons have been spiritually injured in the process, and that there is a grave social danger in the wholesale emotionalization and hypnotization of weak or recalcitrant wills. The man who yields unquestioningly and uncritically to impassioned appeal in the crisis hour of his religious life will do it in the crisis hour of his political life, and that is the vice of democracy.

The revival has established its own peculiar type of religious experience, and not one which is normal or universal. Dramatic and instantaneous and

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convulsive personal conversion is a true kind, but it is a single kind. It is characteristic of a considerable element in every population who are subject to especially violent pulses of growth. In time of revival excitement this is the type which comes at once to the fore and is imitated with alacrity because it is traditionally held to be unusually mysterious or divine. Its weakness and limitations are sufficiently clear. It is a mental segment of humanity. Its experiences are simply impossible to thousands of soundly converted and genuinely religious persons. There has been in the past a tendency to think of it as involving more of the supernatural than is contained in the gradual process of divine unfolding through religious education. It is a theological question, and I will not raise it further than to suggest that Jerry McAuley once made a profound remark to a friend of mine when he said: "Far be it from me to limit the grace of God, but I never knew a man to be permanently reclaimed yet who didn't have a good mother." This unique evangelist, who ran to such good purpose the "spiritual rough-house" for lost men, had exceptional opportunities for the study of human nature, and he has left a valuable bit of testimony. The power to become the sons of God has indeed been implanted in men by other than human hands. That power works at least partially through heredity even in the dramatic revival experience. And as to the relative supernaturalness of sudden and gradual conversion, if God be in the thunder, why not equally in the still, small voice?

We are especially interested in a new evangelism in the United States because we have many highly impulsive and emotional elements in our population. It is true that the growth of knowledge through public education, the enormously increased facilities of communication, the sense of security, the measure of well-being, indeed, the very struggle and competition of modern life, have, on the whole, transformed beneficently the primitive emotional nature of large numbers of our people. The average native-born citizen in the highly organized centers of population has developed an intelligence, a self-control, that makes him far less suggestible, less imitative, less liable to be swept away by great gusts of passion or emotion. In individual cases the reaction is too violent, and prosperity and enlightenment have begotten the lust of the flesh and the pride of life. But in the main it is not so. For the mass of the people the new life social is begetting a new life mental, and eventually will beget, let us hope, a new life ethical and spiritual. But in nothing does the change more quickly appear than in the growth of calm and disciplined habits in religion. Any attempt to maintain on a wide scale the extravagantly emotional methods of other days breaks down utterly and inevitably in the midst of town and city life.

But this condition is by no means true of the entire Nation. We are still an emotional people. We are an empire with varying measures of economic and social development in its different parts. We have millions of primitive black men and more millions of primitive white men, both native and foreign born. We have Kentucky, and Kansas, and Colorado, and then we have Massachusetts. The feuds in the Southern mountains, the lynching of black men and white on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line, the mob spirit in industry, attest the rule of impulsive social action over great numbers of men. In what civilized country do evidences of religious fanaticism more abound? Modern Spiritualism had its rise here, and nowhere has it spread with so consuming a flame. The minds of unnumbered thousands were overwhelmed by the fantastic arguments and vain imaginings of the Vermont farmer, William Miller. And in our time the tide is still rising. The Mormons have fastened themselves upon great stretches of our Western country, and upon great numbers of simple, primitive people, with the grip of "revelation" and authority. The commercial and the hypnotic have swallowed up the rational with the multitude of followers of the Prophet Dowie. And I have by no means exhausted the record of monomania and credulity. It is evident that there exists still in our population a great volume of unrestrained feeling and imagination. And every

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intelligent American understands before he reads Lecky that the acceptance, at times, of the leadership of emotion on the part of this Nation has been responsible for many of the political errors of our democracy.

There is no problem which confronts the people of the United States into the solution of which a right religious method does not enter as an important factor. The great mass of wage-earners in this country need a form of spiritual training which shall help to develop in them a better poise of mind than they now possess. The cause of labor is invariably set back when its programme is carried out by hasty and impulsive action. Now and then a strategic strike is a powerful influence in the direction of better wages, a better organization, and remedial legislation. But its success invariably follows upon rational methods, upon passion kept in control. The economic as well as the moral and religious future of the wage-earning classes depends upon their capacity for deliberation. For ill-advised and emotional action they have capacity in plenty.

It is well known that lynching in the South is carried on largely by the ignorant and baser elements of the white population. It is also well known that a chief method of religious influence and training of the black man and the ignorant white man alike is impulsive and emotional revivalism. It is a dangerous situation, and deserves the earnest consideration of the ecclesiastical statesmen of all denominations that work in the South. The last thing that the superstitious and impulsive negro race needs is a stirring of the emotions. That is easy and meaningless. What they need is a strict religious discipline that will keep their passions in check and build them up in chastity, industry, and integrity. The whites in the feud belt are not suffering from an absence of religion, but from the wrong kind. Their preachers are great "soul savers," but they lack the practical wisdom to build up their emotionalized converts into anything that approaches a higher life.

We cannot have among us too much of the right kind of emotion. Sentiment which is deep and true and held in leash of the reason is as valuable an asset for the Nation as for the individual. But there is no virtue which a free people needs so much as rational self-restraint. The sheet-anchor of permanent liberty in a democracy is moderation of mind. And the Church most powerfully contributes to this end which strives to be a real center of social control. In the main it has been that in the past, and well deserves the gratitude of every lover of his country. But the work of restraint in the Nation is by no means accomplished. The subliminal consciousness of primitive man still slumbers in our population.

"The jungle is wide and the cub he is small,
Let him *think* and be still."

The new evangelism, as I understand it, contemplates first of all a programme of Christian nurture, the cultivation of a form of conversion which manifests itself, not in crises, but in the normal evolution of character. Its guiding principle is the psychological insight of the Head Master of Christianity, that the child is born from above when he is first born into this world, if we have eyes to see it and skill to lead the way in the divine unfolding. The child has a religious impulse just as he has a social impulse, and the first is the climax of the second. The process of character-building in the child is at root the process of development of these two great impulses. The motive that impels him to the development of the social impulse, to the progressive accommodation of his own little spirit to other spirits like himself, is the need of sympathy and help for the better ordering of his life. But the "unselfing" is not complete until that day comes when it is seen that visible help must sooner or later fail and human sympathy will not suffice. The need of a divine power is felt in the soul, and, lo! the God-consciousness is awake. This development cannot be, should not be, hastened unduly; but no man may say how early it will appear under the simple, rational nurture of an intelligent Christian home. A sound family religion furnishes the only sufficient basis for healthy evangelism.

And next after this we shall strive to bring the content of religious instruction

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in church and Bible school up to the psychological and pedagogical ideals of our time. We shall gather the children between the ages of ten and fourteen into classes under the most perfect leadership that the churches can command, wise and noble men and women who are able to establish in boys and girls the conviction that they are born for the higher life of religion and for citizenship in the spiritual kingdom of the invisible Father. Church membership in early adolescence will be sought after in order to give the plastic mind of youth a "set" towards lifetime habits of faith and spiritual service. If this can be accomplished before the emotional tide of later adolescence swells to its flood, so much the better. The new evangelism regards the ideal Christian life as the product of the gradual dawning of a sweet and trustful God-consciousness in the mind and heart of a human being.

But what of that great multitude who for generations to come, because of unwise parenthood and imperfect methods, or sheer willfulness, or some other cause, will continue to pass out of the home and out of the church of childhood and youth into adult maturity without God and without hope, and perhaps without love to man? Are the days of "crowd" evangelism altogether done? I do not so believe. But the emphasis of preaching and the manner of winning men to a more normal and rational life will undergo modification. The new evangelism will speak less of the soul's depravity and more of its infinite worth. There are a few instinctive criminals in society whose heredity and environment have left them very little of the image of God. But we shall not allow their existence to determine the content of religious doctrine. The appeal to fear, that central prop of the old revivalism, will be employed no more. Side by side, however, with the preaching and the teaching of the love of a heavenly Father, there will be clear emphasis upon the essential justice of the universe and of law and of God—that punishment does not await the verdict of an eternal assize, but that every hour of his life a man is at the judgment-seat, and every day he lays up penalty in character.

The days of the emotional stampeding of a community are slowly passing away in religion, just as they are in politics. As the voting population grows more rational, the manner of appeal of the political parties is changing. Torchlight processions and "spellbinders" count for less, and the sober consideration of candidates and principles through the medium of newspaper discussion counts for more. There is also an immense amount of careful personal work done with new voters, man to man, face to face, eye to eye. Outward political enthusiasm may not be so great, but actual political thinking and public judgment were never so strong in America.

And yet in politics great meetings still have a value. And they may have in religion, in a refined and rationalized form. The crowd is natively a primitive thing. But there is no reason why it may not be employed by high-minded leaders as an instrument of helpfulness and inspiration. And in this form it will still serve the new evangelism. The emotion of the crowd will give the grip of reality to spiritual teaching. It will melt the ice of indifference and leaven the soul-life of multitudes. But there will be, I believe, far less use of the revival meeting as a crass, coercive instrument for overriding the will and overwhelming the reason of the individual man. The influence of public religious gatherings will be more indirect, more unobtrusive. It will be recognized that hypnotization and forced choices weaken the soul, and there will be no attempt to press to decision in so great a matter under the spell of excitement and contagion and suggestion.

The earnest preaching of great truths in their modern light, a straightforward appeal to the intellect and conscience of men, liberalism attuned to faith and spiritual service, a passionate devotion to the highest ethical ideals in the face of the materialistic standards of a commercial age, a social rather than an individualistic church that shall set men on work for the kingdom of heaven, the spiritual vivification of the multitude—this is the programme of the new evangelism. The converts may be few. They may be many. They will be measured, not by

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the capacity of the preacher for administrative hypnotism, but rather by the capacity for unselfish friendship of every Christian man and woman. For the influence upon the world of growing men in our time is to be more and more the indefinable and the unobtrusive influence of personal character.

A Man Without a Pension

By J. Cleveland Cady

THE morning ride in the mountains had greatly sharpened our appetites, and it was with keen satisfaction that at length we saw a Kentucky log cabin before us, well knowing that refreshment of some humble kind could be found there.

The wide-open door revealed the family at their midday meal, consisting of potatoes and corncake, to which we were heartily welcomed. "Set yer hat, stranger, and take a cheer."

Hunger and hospitality vied with each other in garnishing the repast, which was partaken of with great satisfaction. An effort to pay for it at the close was regarded with such disdain that we left as much indebted to our new friends for their generous spirit as for actual benefits received. As we were about resuming our ride, a neighbor came in, saying, half apologetically, to our host:

"I didn't mean no interruptions to you-uns—but, Jabiz, I'm goin' over ther mountings inter Breathitt County fur a few days, and I want ter borry yer revolver. Mandy allows how I'd feel safer."

"I'm rale sorry, Dan'l, but I don't see 's howes I kin; yer see, ther 'pertracted meetings' is comin' on shortly, and I can't be without my weepon."

As we journeyed, my friend explained that there were believed to be possibilities of "disturbance" in all assemblages, even those of a sacred character, and the prudent man went prepared "to do his share." "But," he continued, "I have a great regard for the mountain people; their feuds and shootings are largely the result of their terribly isolated life. They have little to occupy their minds but their grievances. If one of them thinks he or his friend has received a slight, he says little—for they are proud and reserved—but turns it over and over in his empty mind; and, like a snowball, it grows larger with every turn. At length relatives, friends, and neighbors take it up; in the excitement some overt act is committed—perhaps accidentally—and a murderous feud is under way. The very reticence of the people aids it. If they talked more, their animosities might end in heated words; but they silently nurse them, and the bitterness steadily increases.

"This lack of the interests and affairs that occupy the mind in other communities is at the bottom of it. If they had other things to think of, the feud would die a natural death. But I declare I admire them; they are hospitable, generous, honest, and brave. They are a fine stock, and where they have had even moderate advantages the result has been surprising.

"I wish you could meet John Broadwood, a veteran of Lookout Mountain, generally known as 'The Man without a Pension.' He is a grand fellow, and has a family of intelligent, well-educated young people. You'd not find a more worthy or attractive circle anywhere."

"Did any considerable proportion of the mountaineers enter the Union army in the Civil War?"

"Yes, they composed the bulk of General Thomas's force, and were well-nigh invincible; it was commonly said that 'they never knew when they were beaten,' that 'nothing but complete annihilation could overcome them.' I do not believe there was their equal in either army."

"Yet they don't seem at all a warlike people."

"Far from it—they are quiet and kindly; but when the pinch comes they have any amount of grit and stubbornness, and don't hesitate for a moment the risk of life. Another characteristic

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is that they have always enlisted in the cause of freedom. In the Revolutionary War they turned the tide of Cornwallis's success by their fight at the Battle of King's Mountain, North Carolina, in which they overcame and captured the opposing force, disheartening the British and giving new courage and heart to the American cause throughout the country. History speaks of them as "a picturesque and motley crowd, in fringed and tasseled hunting shirts, with sprays of hemlock in their hats, and armed with long knives, and rifles that seldom missed their aim—men in whose veins flowed the blood of the Scottish Covenanters, French Huguenots, and English sea rovers. They were not greatly different in the Civil War; they had no sympathy with slavery, and naturally inclined to the Union side, where they became a valuable factor."

Just at this point we came in view of a little river—for we had now left the mountains far behind—and, driving down to the water, waited a few moments for the ferryboat—a scow attached to a long rope, the other end of which was fastened some distance up the stream. The mode of operating it was to turn the boat obliquely to the current, whose pressure would slowly force it to the opposite shore.

Our attention was divided between this primitive use of the forces of nature to secure needed power and the beauty of the scene. Great trees overhung the water, their deep green foliage in beautiful contrast to the sky-reflecting stream, which in the distance disappeared in bowers of greenery.

The stillness was broken only by the rush of waters against the boat—so soothing was the effect one could have easily visited "the land of dreams" had the trip not been of so short duration.

We were barely across and settling our fare when a voice was heard from the opposite bank of the stream—the voice of a "poor white" who had probably wandered to this region from "Carolina" or Georgia—one of a worthless class held in great contempt by the mountaineers.

In a ludicrously slow and drawling tone he called out to the ferryman—

"C-o-m-e, c-o-m-e, t-e-k m-e o-o-v-e-r."

"How much money hev yer got?"

"T-h-r-e-e c-e-n-t-s."

"Well, ther fare's five cents."

"H-a-i-n-t g-o-t b-u-t t-h-r-e-e."

"Well, ef yer haven't got but three ter spend yer may jest as well stay on thet side er ther river."

The afternoon had passed and evening was upon us; as the twilight deepened the question of lodgings for the night became an interesting one. Suddenly a light was seen a little way ahead; when we drove nearer, we found a thrifty-looking place, with cultivated land, great barns, and a generous, old-fashioned house. As we drove in, a manly-looking young fellow appeared at the door, and, in reply to our inquiry as to where we could find shelter for the night, bade us welcome to this house with a cordiality that put refusal out of the question.

Our tired horse taken for rest and refreshment, we entered the house, which we found not only the seat of hospitality, but of intelligence and refinement as well.

Books and papers abounded, and pictures of prominent people and events decorated the walls.

One of the latter attracted my companion; it was called "Raising the Flag on Lookout Mountain," and represented some half a dozen Union soldiers flinging the National ensign to the breeze from an extemporized flag-pole upon the lofty cliff—in sight of all the surrounding country.

"Why," he exclaimed (pointing to one of the figures), "that is John Broadwood himself—'The Man without a Pension!' This must be his place. I've never been here before, though I know him well, having often met himself and his children at Berea. We're in luck to be his guests. I couldn't wish anything better for the last night of our journey!"

My friend's anticipations were fully met. The cordial greeting from the venerable head of the household and the several members of his family; the evening meal with its abundance of good things; the cheer which pervaded the place as the lights were brought in; and the blazing fire tempering the chill of the autumn evening—all contributed to

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make it an occasion long to be remembered.

As later we gathered around the hearthstone, my companion induced the veteran to tell us something of his experiences in the war, touching historical points in which we were interested. This he did with enthusiasm but great modesty, giving especial credit to two of his comrades in the Seventh Kentucky—Datur and Burbank—"as good yokefellows as a man could wish to have, always true and brave." He spoke feelingly of the last night they were together, and incidentally of a discussion they had on the matter of pensions:

"Datur said that he should go in for a pension; that he had worked like a dog four years for the country, had risked his life many a time, and now it was no more than fair that he should take a rest for the remainder of his days, and that the country should pay for it.

"Burbank questioned whether pensions were an advantage in the long run, except of course to those who were helpless through serious injury. He believed they tended to idleness, and resulted more frequently in injury than benefit to those who received them.

"When my views were asked, I replied that there were some things too precious to be sold, and that I regarded my services to my country in that light; it was a privilege to give them, and I wanted for myself and my children the satisfaction of that gift.

"With the breaking camp the next day we separated, each to gather up our scattered families and begin life anew. I had a hard struggle for a long time to get enough even to feed my considerable household, but as the children became older they were helpful, and we all shared in the struggle; we all pulled together, and I declare it was splendid the way the youngsters took hold and made things move.

"I often said, This is the best kind of a pension!

"When matters got easier, and we had bought our little place, I began to think of their education, with the result that one after another was sent to Berea. At length some began to teach, and always with a view of helping at home—mother and father were always in their thoughts—bless 'em. Later we bought this fine farm—we are all 'stockholders' in it—and when we get all the stockholders together we have the best time in the world—that we do!"

"Have you ever heard from your old comrades?"

"Yes; at a gathering of veterans a few years ago I met Jim Burbank—I can't begin to tell you how good it was to see him again. Datur was not there, and what I heard of the dear old fellow was distressing.

"Said Jim, 'Do you remember our discussion about pensions on the last night of our army life? I little thought the future would give such an illustration of the ideas advanced there. Soon after we separated, Datur applied for and secured a handsome pension, and shortly settled down to live upon it. Somehow 'nothing to do' didn't prove a good occupation for him; he lost his spirit, his grit, and any influence he might have had upon his children. Following his example, they avoided work, and sooner or later got into mischief—Jim, the oldest son, shot a man in a drunken row, and is serving a life sentence for manslaughter; Baldy is in the penitentiary for horse-stealing; Jane went off with an adventurer, and is leading a low life in one of the cities; Jason and Perez, the two younger boys, have fled from home—the officers wanted them. So poor Datur is left all alone; he has no occupation to interest him or family to cheer him; his fine service in the war is forgotten in the disgrace of these later years.'

"The family has gone down in infamy, and the pension has done it! It led to a life of idleness, and Satan took care of the harvest."

As I bade good-night to Broadwood in his enviable home, idolized by his interesting family and respected by the whole community, it was clear that he was richer in purse and character for what he had so freely and nobly given to his country, and that it was a most fortunate thing for him to have been "a man without a pension."

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The Problem of Poverty[1]

A FEW words must suffice to introduce to our readers the volumes on which this article is based.

Mr. Robert Hunter is a gentleman of education and culture, who has given himself to the service of the poor and the unfriended. He lives among them, and shares their life, so far as it is possible for one of ample means to do so. His volume is sympathetic rather than scientific—the work of one who is first a philanthropist, and second a student. It is human—intensely so. It has the defects of its qualities. Looking at the problem of poverty from the point of view of the poor, it is somewhat too somber in its interpretation of existing conditions. Mr. Henderson's book is at the opposite pole. It is historical and scientific. It is, as its title-page says, "an account of the system of relief, public and private, in the principal countries that pursue modern methods." It is a scientific study in what we may call the methodology of public relief for public poverty. Mr. E. T. Devine's volume occupies a middle place between the two others. He is General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York. Officialdom has not steeled his heart, nor custom made him indifferent to distress. His knowledge of poverty is first hand; but it is the knowledge, not of one who has lived among the poor, but of one who has been the official medium for giving them relief. The first volume is pictorial, the second scientific, the third a combination of the two. The first volume pictures the condition and life of the poor; the second tells what Christendom, through its various forms of charity, is doing for the relief of the poor; the third deduces, from actual experience in the work of relief, certain general principles to be applied in this work. The first stirs the sympathies and supplies the motives for Christian charity; the second broadens the horizon and shows the problem in its world aspects; the third gives practical and, so far as we can judge, wise counsel in dealing with the problem as it presents itself in American cities.

The other two volumes are specific illustrations of certain phases of poverty in England and concrete illustrations of practical methods of dealing with the problem there. "Sixty Years in Waifdom" is the history of the Ragged School Union which has labored for over half a century for child life in London. The first two chapters give a graphic picture of social conditions in England in the first half of the nineteenth century, conditions which were scarcely better than those which Russia now confronts, and which were cured primarily, not by political action, but by Christian and philanthropic activity, which happily, under England's free Constitution, Englishmen were at liberty to put forth; of one phase of that activity the remaining chapters give an inspiring account. "Seven Years Hard" is the somewhat grotesque title of an account of the experiences of a clergyman of the Church of England in "The Isle of Dogs," a region of East London whose general character may be divined from these phrases in Charles Booth's description of it: "Virtually isolated from the rest of London;" "a fringe of population surrounding a central mass of docks;" "the place provides work, but little or nothing else;" "few shops, and those only of the poorer class; no market, no theater, no music hall, no bright streets, no pleasant promenades, not even an old churchyard;" "many even of the adults, it is said, have never seen St. Paul's." To which we may add this sentence from Mr. Free's book: "In the East End, to be ever so remotely suspected of religion is so unfashionable that only persons of exceptional character dare run the social risk." For a picture

[1] *Poverty*. By Robert Hunter. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Modern Methods of Charity. By C. R. Henderson. The Macmillan Company, New York.
The Principles of Relief. By E. T. Devine. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Sixty Years in Waifdom. By C. J. Montague, Charles Murray & Co., London, England.
Seven Years Hard. By Richard Free. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

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or series of pictures of an unknown people living in the midst of a Christian civilization, we have seen nothing so graphic as this book of Mr. Free's since Jacob A. Riis's "How the Other Half Lives."

With this brief introduction we proceed to some reflections which a perusal of these volumes has suggested.

The first difficulty which confronts the student of the problem of poverty is that of ascertaining the facts. Mr. Charles Booth's very careful census of London[1] indicates that from eight to twelve per cent. of the entire population are included in the class which Mr. Booth defines as "very poor," and some twenty per cent. more among the poor—that is, among those who barely earn a living, and from whom the pauper class is constantly recruited. We have no such accurate census of conditions in America. The published statistics of relief are hopelessly misleading. It is said that some years ago a report concerning temperance conditions in one of our American cities stated that during the previous year drunkenness in the Turkish population in the city had increased four hundred per cent. This statement made quite a sensation until it was discovered that the Turkish population consisted of one man, who in the previous year had been drunk once, and in the year on which the report was founded had been arrested for drunkenness four times. The statistics of charity are not quite as untrustworthy as this; but as yet no adequate method apparently has been devised for ascertaining how many times the same person receives relief or is sentenced for vagrancy or drunkenness; and those whom Mr. Gladstone has called "twicers" in church statistics are much more numerous in the police courts and at the Bureau of Charities than in church. Mr. Hunter recognizes this fact; but we doubt whether the allowance which he makes for the fact is anything more than a guess; and guesses, however shrewd, are not statistics. So the number he reports as receiving relief in New York City (page 23) includes those in State institutions and hospitals and those attending dispensaries; the fact that many of these are not dependents he also recognizes; but we doubt whether his allowance of fifty per cent. of the attendants at the dispensaries as not dependents is at all adequate. All classes in New York are coming to a practical recognition of the fact that the best medical advice can be had either for nothing or at greatly reduced rates at institutions, and are going to them accordingly. The most convincing proof he gives is his report that ten per cent. of those who die in Manhattan are buried at public expense in the Potter's Field. Yet even here the tell-tale figures are modified by the fact that more than one-sixth of this number were infants from the Foundling Asylum, not all the children of the dependent class, not all even children born in New York.

But if the conditions are not as bad as Mr. Hunter's figures would indicate, if, as we think is the case, the reader must go to his book for a vivid and human picture of poverty rather than for a scientific estimate of its extent, the figures given in Mr. Henderson's book are sufficiently appalling. Their accuracy there is less reason to question because they deal with a problem which can be reduced to figures, and they indicate not only the extent but the cause of pauperism in America, and hint at the direction in which the reformer must look for a radical cure. Professor Bushnell (pp. 381, 382) accepts Professor Mayo-Smith's estimate of $520 a year as a necessary living wage for a family, and shows that in some large industries they have in fact ranged from $285 to $512.47 a year, making due allowance, which the optimistic reporter does not always do, for the unemployed days. Here is a deficit of from $8 to $235 a year. Other statistics are given which make no better showing. If, as these figures would indicate, there are thousands of families who are barely able to earn a living wage, and other thousands who cannot do so, it is small cause for wonder that we have in the towns and cities a large dependent class recruited from the ill-paid laborers, and in turn recruiting the ranks of the professional beggars and

[1] "Life and Labors of the People of London," by Charles Booth. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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the professional criminals. If Mr. Eugene Smith's estimate (page 390) is anything more than a guess, that there are 250,000 professional criminals in the United States who make an annual income by the practice of their profession of $1,600 a year, it is not surprising that men abandon a trade which gives them $300 a year or less for one which promises them five times that amount. We should have supposed, however, that the list of criminals was larger and the amount of individual income considerably less.

If there is some danger of overestimating by experts the amount of poverty in the country, there is a great deal of danger of underestimating it by the ordinary reader. By poor we may mean those who have some difficulty in making the two ends meet, but who succeed in doing so without imperiling their physical health; by the "very poor," to use Mr. Charles Booth's characterization, or the pauper, to use Mr. Hunter's, we mean those who do not make both ends meet, and who either must have help from others or who must degenerate physically, in a word must starve, though not necessarily starve to death. He who only starves intellectually or æsthetically we do not count among the paupers. In truth, intellectually and æsthetically we are all in the dependent class; the richest boy in college does not pay for his tuition what his tuition costs, nor the wealthiest visitor to the art gallery his proportion of what the art treasures have cost. It is only physical dependence that makes a pauper.

Whether this pauper class is five per cent. or ten per cent., it is much too large a per cent., large enough to present a problem of serious proportions. No one who knows the facts of American life can imagine that it is true in America, whatever might have been true half a century ago, that any man of moderate health and moderate ability can be certain to make his way to a comfortable competence. In the often cruel competitions of modern business, many men and more women fall by the wayside through no fault of their own, and many more through defects in mental, moral, or physical make-up that are commercial disadvantages, but neither vices nor sins. The "seventy-five illustrative cases" which Mr. Devine gives ought to broaden any man's sympathies, enhance his admiration for the unheralded heroism often exhibited in the dependent class, and at the same time increase his appreciation of the complexity of the problem which poverty and pauperism in our modern life present. For example: Mrs. Caspar, a widow, worked from 7 A.M. till 4 P.M. in a cellar kitchen of a restaurant for eight dollars a week, and added to her income by office cleaning and washing out of the restaurant hours. She supported her mother and a sick sister, till the sister died; that death left two children for her to support; the death of her sister-in-law left her three other children. One of these adopted children had hip disease, two others consumption. And Mrs. Caspar, besides looking after them, had time to care for a sick neighbor. In this case it was not her vice, it was her virtue, that made her dependent on others for aid in caring for her sick household. We wish we had space to present kodak pictures of some other analogous instances, and of some others not analogous, where the problem presented was not how to help a brave man or woman, but how to prevent a fraudulent and vicious one from robbing the community under guise of poverty. It must suffice to say that in prosperous America, with all that is said about the great wages, the unexampled prosperity, and the full dinner-pail, great numbers are condemned to poverty; and poverty is, as Robert Hunter defines it, "To live miserable, we know not why, to have the dread of hunger, to work sore and yet gain nothing—this is the essence of poverty."

What to do—that is a question quite too large to enter upon here. We can only state the problem, and not even state it adequately. It is certainly true, as Carlyle said half a century ago, "except in draining the universal quagmire itself, there is no remedy." It is not enough to ameliorate the sufferings of the poor; pauperism itself must be vanquished and banished. There is no panacea, no short and easy remedy, such as prohibition, or protective tariff, or socialism, or single tax, or universal suf-

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frage, or industrial education, or even religion, if by religion we mean simply preaching an individual gospel in mission halls and teaching it in Sunday-schools. This question of pauperism involves the temperance question: how to direct into useful ministry to life the moneys that now go to the saloon for life's destruction. It includes the economic problem: how to secure a wage for all working people which will enable every honest and willing worker to earn enough at least to keep himself and his family decently fed and housed and clothed. It includes a semi-political question which is clearly enough implied in this affirmation of Mr. Free, with which we heartily agree: "If we would raise the workingman, we must house him; and we shall never succeed in housing him until we have given the authorities power to say to the landlord, Your land is wanted by the community. You may do two things with it, but not a third. You may build on it; you may let us build on it; but you shall not leave it alone." To which we add that he must build on it as the authorities direct. It includes what we call the industrial problem. The wastes to society involved in our industrial wars are enormous. How to prevent such wars, without sacrificing the industrial liberty of which they are now an incident, is one phase of the problem presented by pauperism. It includes an educational problem. When the first Ragged School was opened in Edinburgh, the percentage of children under fourteen in prison was 5.6; after five years it was .9. The whole problem of both moral and industrial education is involved in the problem of pauperism and how to banish it. It includes the religious problem: not how to make a half-starved five or ten per cent. of the people of a rich country content with a condition to which we impiously declare God has appointed them, but how we can stir in them a divine discontent, a human aspiration which will demand of a government which they themselves help to make that it make a true life possible to them, and how we can stir in their more prosperous neighbors the spirit that shall respond to their demand, a religion of the Good Samaritan, not of the priest and the Levite. And, finally, when all is done, there will still remain poor that need our help and a necessity for our attention to the whole of the words of Christ, only half of which, unfortunately, Matthew and John reported: "Ye have the poor with you always, *and whensoever ye will, ye may do them good.*"

Perhaps this is the most difficult phase of the problem. But it is at least something to have it clearly stated—and clearly stated it is by Mr. Devine: "Education is recognized as the means through which society passes on from one generation to another the accumulated results of civilization; the means by which the workers of each generation are trained, at least up to the point of efficiency of their immediate ancestors, and their capacity for further progress, if possible, increased. Relief may eventually come to be recognized as equally entitled to serious consideration, and to a definite place in our permanent social arrangements. The relief policy of the community might then be defined in terms as definite as those by which we describe the educational processes. By wisely formulated relief measures, society would transfer to the community, as a whole, certain of the burdens naturally imposed upon individuals by industrial progress. The community would no longer permit its weakest members to suffer vicariously that others might give." Is it possible to make public charity as systematic as we have made public education? The suggestion is a startling one. We are not prepared to say that it is a practicable one. But it presents an ideal well worth careful pondering.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Art Studies for Schools. By Anna M. von Rydingsvard, A.M. Illustrated. The A. Flanagan Co., Chicago. 5¾×8½ in. 185 pages. $1.

Art Thou the Man? By Guy Berton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 288 pages. $1.50.

A rather clever detective story couched in somewhat overwrought language, touching upon gruesome murders and the underworld. The realistic business of newspaper reporting figures largely in the tale.

At Close Range. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 260 pages. $1.50.

This latest collection of short stories renews the impression which the earlier volumes from the same hand have made of great clearness of sight, fresh and vital interest in all forms of life which express either beauty or character, a keen sense of humor, and admirable power of characterization. What he is in his painting, Mr. Smith is in his writing: clear, distinct, picturesque, and singularly effective. He is particularly successful in describing men of courage, simplicity of nature, and the brotherly feeling. He loves an obscure hero. His good men are never pious; they are always natural. They do heroic things without being aware that they are heroic, and he invests both the deeds and the doers with a charm of interpretation; that is to say, with atmosphere. He has also a keen sense of humor. He is a trained observer, and he knows how to turn apparently the most insignificant incidents to account in his picturesque dealing with situations. The accomplished Continental rogue who lives by his wit as the counselor and adviser of travelers he knows to the very bottom of his versatile, inventive, and unscrupulous nature.

Beethoven: A Character Study. By George Alexander Fischer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 246 pages. $1.40, net.

A simple, straightforward, and readable biography, with no attempt at fine writing or to lay down a new theory of Beethoven and his work. An excellent and useful book for the young amateur of music who has not yet reached the point of seeking for his musical information from original sources.

Belchamber. By Howard Overing Sturgis. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 360 pages. $1.50.

Neither strength nor style is lacking in this quite remarkable analytical study of Charles Edwin William Augustus Chambers, Marquis and Earl of Belchamber, Baron St. Edwards and Chambers—familiarly known as "Sainty"—and of the members of his family and social circle. But it is not a pleasant story, nor is it "milk for babes," although there is a poor little baby in it whose birth and death have much to do with the development of "Sainty's" character. This sad little figure and the equal pathos of Sainty's attitude toward it leave, indeed, one of the most haunting memories of the book.

Bible Etchings of Immortality. By Camden M. Cobern, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 60 pages.

Black Barque (The). By T. Jenkins Hains. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 323 pages. $1.50.

In language somewhat surprising for the rough character he makes himself out to be, a "deep-water" sailor here narrates the otherwise realistic tale of his adventurous voyage aboard a slave-ship in the year 1815. The hint on the last page of another volume to come will be most welcome to those who read this.

Black Motor Car (The). By Harris Burland. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 339 pages. $1.50.

Anger, malice, and all uncharitableness figure largely in this sensational novel, set to a modern keynote, that of the motor car. An embezzler entered prison, a man who had lost his honor, but retained many good traits. After fourteen years he emerged a ravening beast, and began to take his revenge on the world. For those who love horrors and melodrama, this book will furnish a feast.

Blue Book of Missions for 1905 (The). Edited by Rev. Henry Otis Dwight, L.L.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 242 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

As the title suggests, the information here given is from official sources, and published to meet a demand. The extent of the field it covers is indicated by such special items as the various calendars, Greek, Jewish, and Mohammedan; the values of foreign coins; the postal rates to foreign lands; the orthography of geographical names; and other miscellaneous information. The principal missionary societies in a dozen countries have co-operated in furnishing the material for this book, which covers the domestic as well as the foreign field, and is carefully indexed for reference. That a year-book of missions is now called for is a significant indication of progress.

Bookful of Girls (A). By Anna Fuller. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 262 pages. $1.25.

A half-dozen sketches of as many different types of winsome young womanhood—Blythe, enthusiastic and lovable; Madge, the artistic; Olivia, the young philanthropist; Polly, capable and devoted sister; Di, the dear

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peacemaker; but, best of all, Nannie, who floured her face and did Lady Macbeth in a nightgown to an admiring audience of one—Miss Becky Crawlin, seamstress, whom she afterward took to a real theater, with amusing results.

Boston Port Bill (The) as Pictured by a Contemporary London Cartoonist. By R. T. H. Halsey. The Grolier Club, New York (The Gilliss Press). 10½×6½ in. 334 pages.

This book might be given a more comprehensive title, for through the associations of the remarkable series of cartoons described and beautifully reproduced the author is led to tell directly or incidentally almost everything that is known about the Port Bill. That mad act of a subservient Parliament made war with the Colonies inevitable; and one must believe that it was so intended, unless it is to be supposed credible that George III. and Lord North insensately imagined that the American cities and colonies, already irritated to the fighting point, would allow Boston to suffer without aid. Sir George Trevelyan, in his graphically written chapter in "The American Revolution," shows the cruelty and hatefulness of this attempt to cut off a commercial town from its means of carrying on business, and even of obtaining sustenance for its people. Mr. Halsey's book forms a valuable adjunct to Trevelyan's story in that it traces, through little-known letters, newspaper accounts, and pamphlets, public and private opinion about the Port Bill both in England and America. Here, as in the introduction to his edition of Dickinson's "Letters from a Farmer," Mr. Halsey lays emphasis on the fact that the policy of George III. and his Tory Ministry was roundly denounced by a great number of English statesmen, and that the sentiment against oppression of the Colonies was surprisingly widespread in England. Under a reasonable system of representation, such as obtains to-day, it would have been impossible to pass the Boston Port Bill. Five of the mezzotint cartoons, and those which most intimately show a knowledge of Colonial conditions, were the work of one man, Philip Dawe, a pupil of Hogarth. Dawe, as Mr. Halsey points out, had Hogarth's power of crowding meaning into details and his gift of holding up political folly to ridicule, but not his genius as an artist. Other humorous mezzotints (this form of caricature was in high vogue at the period) were put forth by anonymous cartoonists, and the subject is further fitly illustrated by portraits from contemporary prints and pictures of statues and famous historical buildings. Every plate, including even the tail-pieces, has something of individual interest connected with its origin; for instance, the small portraits of Benjamin Franklin (used as a tail-piece) and of Lord North (printed in color on the cover page) are from medallions made by Josiah Wedgwood, the founder of the Wedgwood potteries; and there is significance in the fact that this sturdy, independent English man of business heartily approved the colonies, and that it was a labor of love for him to make these and many other admirable and now rare medallion portraits of American patriots. The physical making of this book is an honor to American typography, as might be expected of a volume bearing the names of the Grolier Club and the Gilliss Press. The paper, as was most fitting, is American handmade, and on alternate leaves bears as a water-mark the Grolier Club's device. The type is well chosen; color-printing, line engravings (initials, head and tail pieces, were line-engraved on copper by Mr. F. S. King, after *motifs* furnished by Mr. Halsey), and mezzotints, all are executed with precision and strength; while the binding is simple in design but of fine texture delicately tooled.

Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky. By Anna C. Minogue. P. F. Collier & Son, New York. 5½×8 in. 306 pages. $1.50.

A florid story of the South, dating from the period directly preceding the Civil War to its close.

"Chess Humanics:" A Philosophy of Chess. By Wallace E. Nevill. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. 5×8 in. 238 pages. $1.50, net.

Children in Literature: Selections from the Works of Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens, and George Eliot. By Mary H. Husted. The A. Flanagan Co., Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 179 pages. 35c.

Coming of Parliament (The): England from 1350 to 1660. By L. Cecil Jane. (Story of the Nations Series.) Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 406 pages. $1.35, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Diary from Dixie (A), as Written by Mary Boykin Chesnut. Edited by Isabella D. Martin and Myrta Lockett Avary. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5¼×8½ in. 424 pages. $2.50. (Postage additional.)

There has been a very decided interest shown of late in semi-biographical books which reproduce Southern life before and during the Civil War. Mrs. Avary, one of the editors of the present book, was perhaps the first to arouse this interest by her extremely readable volume called "A Virginia Girl in the Civil War." We have already noted the popularity of the diaries of Mrs. Clay and Mrs. Roger Pryor. Now we have a similar book based on the diaries of Mrs. Chesnut, whose husband was a United States Senator from South Carolina from 1859 to 1861, and was afterward an aide to Jefferson Davis and a brevet-general in the Confederate army. While it is true that such a book necessarily includes a good deal that is personal or local, there is much that is characteristic of the time and region, and not a little that is amusing from its anecdotal character. The two editors of the book are to be congratulated on having discovered and having thrown into such readable form this biographical material. It might seem at first that the book would appeal rather exclusively to Southern readers; but there is plenty of evidence, as seen, for instance, in the great success of the romances of Miss Mary Johnston and Miss Ellen Glasgow, that the picturesqueness of the old-time South is of universal interest.

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Dolly Winter: The Letters of a Friend which Joseph Harald is Permitted to Publish. James Pott & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 204 pages. $1.25.

An innocuous tale upon well-worn lines, told in the letters of the hero to his friend.

Dutch Pottery and Porcelain. By W. Pitcairn Knowles. (Newnes' Library of the Applied Arts.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 122 pages. $2.50, net.

The author of this valuable addition to Newnes' Library of the Applied Arts lived for many years in Holland, and owned a valuable collection of Delft pottery, which he gathered piece by piece, before specimens were sought after as they are now. His knowledge of the literature and history of the Dutch art is put at the disposal of his readers in a simple and engaging way, aided by beautiful colored plates of many museum pieces. Delft pottery, while not original in conception, was quite original in execution, and for one century was the most important manufacture of its kind in Europe. The details of manufacture from the clay to the delicately painted specimen are explained by the author, who follows the faintest clues, and traces out all sorts of influences in the history of the art. The appendices give the dates and marks of the different potteries and the names and principal characteristics of prominent potters. In 1830 the "last swan song" came, and the firm of J. van Putten & Co. is credited with some work that compares favorably with the ware of olden days.

Evolution of Parties in the Anglican Communion (The). By Frederic Cook Morehouse. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 5½×8½ in. 53 pages.

Heart of the World (The): A Story of Christian Socialism. By Charles M. Sheldon. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 265 pages. $1.25.

The principles and aims of Christian Socialism are here presented with dramatic effect in the form of a story. The story, occasionally rather melodramatic, subordinates literary to popular interest for a rhetorical purpose. It exhibits the spirit of Christ in concrete forms strikingly antagonistic to those of the present economic order, and as the divine cure for evils incisively described. The emphasis is laid throughout on the law of human brotherhood as the law of Christ, and as the sole remedy for social discords. The best thing about the book is the thing now most needed—the irenic, evangelic spirit of human sympathy that it aims to generate between the churches and "labor."

Hot Conjee. By Margaret Louise Lynd. The Editor Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 222 pages.

Ireland's Story: A Short History of Ireland. By Clifton Johnston and Carita Spencer. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 414 pages. $1.40, net.

A well-arranged outline history of Ireland from the dim legendary beginnings to the passage of the Wyndham Land Purchase Act. The authors, while frankly revealing both their political and their religious sympathies, write with moderation and fair-mindedness. More attention than is usual with histories of this sort is paid to cultural aspects. The work is brought to a close with four extremely interesting chapters—"The Irish on the Continent," "The Irish in America," "The Irish in the British Empire," "The Irish Literary Revival." There are numerous illustrations.

Julia. By Katharine Tynan. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4¾×7½ in. 322 pages. $1.50.

Julia is the youngest of the six daughters of Denis Driscoll MacCormac O'Kavanagh of the Keep, Glensaggartmore, County Kerry, and her story is a pretty little romance, the charming Irish flavor of which is more than a matter of nomenclature and appropriate description. Father O'Driscoll, the parish priest, the Reverend Mother of the convent, and fine old Grandmother O'Kavanagh—not to mention other characters—are unmistakable products of the soil, and remain pleasantly in mind as genuine types after the book is closed.

Lodestar (The). By Sidney R. Kennedy. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 335 pages. $1.50.

The prevailing note of this clever and readable novel is entertainment. It does not attempt to go very deep into character nor to deal subtly with motive or passion, but as a story pure and simple it is decidedly above the average. The principal character is a self-made man of great vigor and hospitable inclinations, who comes back to the town of his boyhood and throws himself with energy into all the little affairs of the place. As he is a thoroughly good-hearted man, in the end he accomplishes a good deal that is commendable. There are two pleasing love stories and many amusing complications.

Manual of the Trees of North America (Exclusive of Mexico). By Charles Sprague Sargent. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×9 in. 826 pages. $6, net.

It is quite unnecessary to point out that Professor Sargent is the recognized authority on this subject. His "Silva of North America" was a work involving enormous industry, and there is nothing comparable with it to be obtained. The present book presents in convenient form for the use of students and all interested in tree life the information which is included in the "Silva" in more elaborate and extended form. Professor Sargent has had thirty years' experience in dealing with indigenous trees in the Arnold Arboretum, and the results of his knowledge thus acquired are here included. The volume comprises over eight hundred closely printed pages, and has something like six hundred and fifty drawings, which exactly present the leaves, twigs, fruit, cones, and other characteristics of the trees. The book is one of permanent value not only to the student of forestry but to all who wish to identify the species and genus of trees in all parts of the country, so that the work really holds with regard to trees such a place as is held in another field by Gray's Botany.

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Modern Advertising. By Earnest Elmo Calkins and Ralph Holden. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 361 pages. $1.50, net.

"According to various estimates the amount of money spent to-day in America for advertising ranges from six hundred to one thousand million dollars a year." This statement gives some measure of the important part which the art of advertising has come to play in the conduct of business in the twentieth century. This volume gives an interesting account of the methods of modern advertising, and attempts to formulate some of the principles which underlie successful publicity.

Mother and Daughter. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. Harper & Bros., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 215 pages. $1.25, net.

Twenty short chapters addressed to mothers on the management and training of a daughter. We use the singular number advisedly, as Mrs. Jackson's model apparently provides for no more than one in each family. Where Nature has made a more generous apportionment we doubt if her counsel would be found altogether practical—if there would be time for quite so much sentiment.

My Lady Clancarty. By Mary Imlay Taylor. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 298 pages. $1.50.

A pretty romance set in the days of William III. of England, and depending for much of its historical color upon minute descriptions of the dress worn by the ladies in the story. Lady Betty is loyal to her Jacobite husband, in spite of the opposition of her own family, and finally receives him, an exile from England, but released from the Tower by the clemency of the King.

Outline Studies in the New Testament: Philippians to Hebrews. By William G. Moorehead. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 249 pages. $1.20, net.

These studies will be deemed scholarly and sound by such Christians as are unreconciled to the scientific and critical doctrines now dominant, and disposed to stand by the verbal inerrancy of the Scriptures.

Priestly Element in the Old Testament (The). By William Rainey Harper. (Revised and Enlarged Edition.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6×9 in. 292 pages. $1.

The commendation given to the first edition of this work is due with emphasis to the present enlargement of it. The new chapters on the Literature of Worship, Legal, Historical, Hymnal, and on the Permanent Value of the Priestly Element, touch the interest of Christian thought at very many points. A great merit of the constructive method in which the whole subject is treated is the burden of inquiry put upon the student, together with all the needed help for carrying it that references to literature, Biblical and modern, supply. As a standard type of excellence among manuals for Biblical study this volume, available for various methods of teaching, is unsurpassed.

Reuben Larkmead. By Edward W. Townsend. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 205 pages. $1.25.

A crude social satire cast in narrative form, wherein Reuben Larkmead, an unsophisticated young Western millionaire, relates his varied experiences on a first visit to New York.

Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared: The Gould Prize Essays. Edited by Melancthon Williams Jacobus, D.D. The Bible Teachers Training School, New York. 4½×7¼ in. 180 pages. 50c.

Among the two hundred and sixty-five essays on this subject submitted by writers throughout the world in competition for the prizes offered by Miss Gould three were unanimously adjudged deserving of the awards. Published in this volume, these three constitute what must now be regarded as the standard work on a theme of controversy that greatly needed enlightenment. It is remarkable that no Roman Catholics could be found to serve on the committee of award, notwithstanding the efforts of "prominent members of the American hierarchy."

Real Salvation and Whole-Hearted Service. By R. A. Torrey. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 267 pages. $1, net.

School of Life (The). By Henry van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¼×7½ in. 37 pages. 50c., net.

Dr. van Dyke has written many more elaborate books than this thin, beautifully made volume, but in none has he more eloquently expressed an optimism based, not on temperament, but on faith in character, discernment of the spiritual possibilities of life, and sound judgment of ethical values.

Self-Made Man's Wife (A): Her Letters to Her Son. By Charles Eustace Merriman. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 249 pages.

The doubt expressed by the mother as to whether her son reads the letters she writes to him is well founded. If he did, he was a phenomenon. The number of old jokes and the weary waste of platitudes in this book are positively depressing.

Short History of England's Literature (A). By Eva March Tappan, Ph.D. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 276 pages. 85c., net.

An elementary text-book for high schools, by the head of the English Department in the English High School at Worcester, covering English literature from its beginnings in the earliest periods down to the novel of the nineteenth century, with numerous illustrations in the form of portraits, facsimiles of manuscripts, pictures of objects of interest, and with an excellent map in colors.

Stories from American History for Supplementary Reading. By Edna Henry Lee Turpin. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 191 pages. 40c.

Story of Venice (The). By Thomas Okey. (Mediæval Town Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 446 pages. $2.

The latest addition to the Mediæval Town Series is a compact history of the most artistic and one of the most interesting of the historical communities with which the series deals, a State almost without parallel in the history of Europe for stability, for con-

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tinuity, and for artistic value and charm. The rich story of what Venice has done, of what she has built, of what she has painted, and what she has expressed in her social life, is one of the most complex and fertile in all the elements of human greatness and tragedy. In this volume the story is told compactly, but with sufficient fullness. The architecture and art are made to stand out in the story as prominently as they have done in the long history of the city. There are a number of well-chosen illustrations, and there is a map.

Tor, a Street Boy of Jerusalem. By Florence Morse Kingsley. Illustrated. The Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. 190 pages.

Two of the Guests. By Kate Gertrude Prindiville. James Pott & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 217 pages. $1.50.

A pretty love story, told in the letters from the different members of a house party to their friends. Every one is rich and beautiful and perfectly dressed, and the balls and hunts and dinners are above criticism—yet the two young people fall in love in the old-fashioned way and promise to be happy ever after.

United States (The): A History of Three Centuries, 1607-1904. By William Estabrook Chancellor and Fletcher Willis Hewes. Vol. II. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×9½ in. 539 pages. $3.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Venice: As Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 372 pages. $1.60, net.

This book, like others of Miss Singleton's, is chiefly a compilation, but its editing has been done with judgment. We have here some fifteen chapters, each of which treats an individual phase of the many wonders and charms of Venice. To illustrate, "The Gondola" and "The Grand Canal" are the titles of two extracts from Gautier; "The Rialto" is from Yriarte, as are one or two other chapters; that on "Venice and Rome" is from John Richard Green. Naturally, Ruskin is called upon, but only for two chapters. The lover of Venice—every one is a lover of Venice—cannot fail to find here much that will recall delightful memories, while there is not a little that to most readers will be new. The illustration is by process reproduction of photographs, and is only fairly good.

Verdict of the Gods (The). By Sarath Kumar Ghosh. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 307 pages. $1.50.

With prologue, epilogue, and interludes between the great King, sick unto death, and his faithful chronicler beguiling the painful hours, this Oriental romance details the ordeals—a horrid half-dozen, including burial alive, exposure to wild beasts, and the poison cup—to which Navayan Lal was put for daring to love the Princess Devala. Great bravery and a canny knowledge of hypnotism and other mysteries occult carry him through in safety, and by this "verdict of the gods" he is declared of royal caste (he had been the court juggler), and so worthy of the princess. The story-teller, describing her as both a houri and a peri, makes her fairness commensurate with his desert.

Way of the North (The). By Warren Cheney. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 320 pages. $1.50.

A novel of unusual setting and some extraordinary power. It is a romance of Russian rule in Alaska, opening with a most vivid description of a storm at sea, and involving the fortunes of Russian settlers and civil and military personages. The narrator, a young doctor, exported for cause, is singularly simple in his outlook upon life and his reflections upon his fellows, and his astonishingly realistic descriptions of events give the reader new sensations. Two young women move through the story, keeping a high place in troublous surroundings, while loyalty, obedience, tyranny, and hatred move the minds of men and women alike.

When Love is King. By Margaret Doyle Jackson. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 352 pages. $1.50.

The author of "A Daughter of the Pit" has already won her audience, who will not be disappointed in her new story. The life of the Cornwall mining district is seen from above ground—the standpoint of the business manager and owner; in this case a high standpoint. The hero of the story is well individualized, perhaps a trifle too noble, but most lovable. He has won his way from the hard lot of a foundling to a commanding position among men who "do things." His friend and the girl who wins the love of both men are real human beings. Touches of mystery, tragedy, and homely affection vivify the plot. A well-written, excellently constructed novel.

White Peril in the Far East (The). By Sidney Lewis Gulick, M.A., D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 191 pages. $1, net.

Among the many books called forth by the tremendous conflict in Eastern Asia there are none better than those by American missionaries long resident there. Such is this volume—a concise, clear, and comprehensive presentation of the national and international interests involved in present movements and tendencies, viewed as growing from the past. Dr. Gulick agrees with the Japanese estimate of the present struggle as analogous to that of little Greece against the encroachment of the Persian Empire in the fifth century B.C., and, like that, a turning-point in the history of the world. Regarding Japan as having become essentially one in spirit with the Occident, he rejects the notion of a yellow peril, but holds that the real peril in the Orient to-day is the white.

Wilhelm Tell. By Friedrich Schiller. Edited by Richard Alexander von Minckwitz. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 355 pages. 65c.

Young Man's Problems (A). By Lorenzo Carson McLeod. The A. Flanagan Co., Chicago. 5×7 in. 147 pages. 50c.

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Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Popular Senatorial Elections

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your editorial on the Senate's relation to the Arbitration Treaties brings up a question of great importance in our future politics—how to bring the Senators into more responsive relation to the public pulse. Their nomination by popular primaries would certainly be a step in the desired direction. It seems more conservative than amending the Constitution to secure popular election, and more practicable in that it takes advantage of political machinery that is already in operation in some States. It meets, however, the objection that it does not free the Legislature from the turmoil which is sometimes involved in the choice of Senators. We have seen fights thus caused at State Houses, deadlocks lasting months, through entire sessions, and the public business sadly disturbed; and, again, the selection of legislative candidates is affected by their power to elect Senators, whereas they should be chosen solely with an eye to the internal welfare of the State. Again, owing to gerrymanders or the localization of political strength in special centers, or, as in Connecticut and Rhode Island, by an unequal apportionment of legislative representatives, the political complexion of the Legislature does not fairly correspond to the public opinion of the State. In many States the opposition party has a chance to elect a Governor as a representative of some political question, whereas the Legislature remains undisturbed in its political complexion.

For these reasons, would it not be better to continue the agitation for the amendment of the Constitution to provide for the popular election of Senators? Four times the House of Representatives has passed the resolve with practical unanimity. About one-half of the States have joined in the petition for a Constitutional Convention, for which the request of two-thirds of the States is requisite. It is largely in the East or the South that the States have failed to take action, but a little pressure would cause sufficient to join the petitioners to make the Constitutional Convention imperative.

ROBERT T. PAINE, JR.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Peacemakers and the Navy

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I want to thank you for publishing last week (March 11, Publisher's Desk) the letter from a dissatisfied subscriber who discontinued his subscription. While I do not intend to discontinue my subscription—unless, as your comment on the letter seems to intimate, you are anxious to get rid of those subscribers who do not approve of your code of National morals—the letter, though perhaps more strongly worded than is necessary, seems to me to voice a just criticism. If I thought that The Outlook was fixed in its belief that might makes right among nations, we could not too quickly part company; but I have hope of your ultimate conversion to the doctrine that Christianity is for nations as well as for individual human beings.

In the course of many years I have grown tolerant of the opinions of others. Few things are more objectionable than the "holier than thou" attitude. I can respect a man who arrives at entirely different conclusions from myself on moral questions, *if he is sincere*. But what am I to think of your advocacy, in your issue of two weeks ago, of a larger navy for this country on the ground that a "police force" is necessary to execute the decrees of an international tribunal? Were you quite honest in that argument? Do you really think that there is any analogy between the police force of a State and the army or navy of a nation which has agreed to join the brotherhood of nations?

When a nation enters the Society of Nations, and consents to rely for enforcement of its rights and redress of its wrongs, not on its own strength, but on the judgment of an international tribunal, it stands before that tribunal precisely as an individual human being stands before the courts of his State. The great nation and the small nation, like the strong man and the weak man, the rich and the poor, are equal before the law; and there is no more reason for the great nation to maintain a powerful army or navy to execute the decrees of an international tribunal than there is for the strong man to "carry a big stick" to enforce the judgments of the courts of his country. There is the same danger in one case as in the other that force will be used to defeat a judgment which is not acceptable.

If an international tribunal is to operate successfully—and there is no reason why it may not—it will doubtless need a police force to execute its decrees; but that police force will not be made up of the army and navy of a single nation or of two or three nations. Every member of the Society of Nations will contribute to it, and the combined force will be far superior to the individual force of any member. Such a police force is no

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more Utopian than the police force of the United States, drawn from every State in the Union.

In our own country there is too much of the bastard patriotism which thinks that love of country is shown by "saluting the flag" and by shouting for "our country, right or wrong." There is too little of that true patriotism which fills the soul of him who is unwilling that his country should do anything dishonorable, and who would rather have her beaten than triumphant in a bad cause. It seems to me that The Outlook, at present, is teaching the former kind of patriotism instead of the latter.

JOHN H. HOPKINS.

Rochester, New York.

[We are at a loss to understand how, if you have read The Outlook fairly frequently, you can have formed an impression that The Outlook advocates the "hifalutin" type of patriotism. With you, we think that real patriotism is founded upon reason and brotherhood, not upon bullyism and braggadocio. With you, we earnestly hope and believe that the time will come when international difficulties will be settled in an international supreme court. But it must be remembered that this idea of international federation is young yet in the world, and that while it needs to be sedulously cultivated, we cannot instantly drop all measures of self-protection because we hope for a final era of peace. We do not understand how you, with a real love for your fellow-men, can read of the awful brutalities in Russia, as described by Mr. Kennan, by Madame Breshkovsky, and by our correspondent recently despatched to St. Petersburg, or the outrageous suppression of the common rights of free speech in Turkey as pictured in the story called "Esmerian" in The Outlook for March 11, and not feel your blood boil with the conviction that there are some men left on the face of the earth who can only be reached and punished by force. The Outlook has never advocated a "big" navy, but it has advocated an efficient navy, and it will continue to do so as long as the Russian bullies and robs the helpless Chinese and the Turk throttles and flogs the Armenian. The Outlook is for peace to-day and for ultimate peace, but no amount of criticism even as kindly as yours can wash out of its blood the instinctive desire occasionally to go and "whip the dealers out of the temple."—THE EDITORS.]

Indians and Schools

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I wish to commend you for the strong stand you are taking with respect to the Indian school question. Your articles in the issues of February 18 and 25 are thoroughly American in tone and conception. I believe that you are right in affirming that the action of the President "violates a vital and fundamental principle of the unwritten Constitution of the American commonwealth, a principle incorporated in the written Constitutions of many of the States, and implied in the written Constitution of the United States."

I am an ardent admirer of the President. I admire his remarkable courage, his keen insight, and his celerity of judgment. I agree with you in your statement concerning him in The Outlook of last October that "the celerity of his judgments is due to the fact that he determines on certain well-considered principles of action, and by those principles determines particular questions before him." On this occasion Mr. Roosevelt does not seem to have acted on fundamental principle. In this his friends are surprised. They are surprised because he has trained them to expect that he will always act in accordance with "well-considered principles."

I consider the analogy legitimate which you allege between the Indian trust funds and the funds held by the Government for white citizens. Furthermore, I am glad to note that you still retain your judgment "that any allotment of moneys out of the trust funds by the United States Government, as a trustee for the Indians, for denominational schools is inconsistent with the fundamental principle that there should be no financial connection of any sort between the Government and ecclesiastical organizations." Such a judgment is worthy of Mr. Roosevelt himself, and is exactly such as his friends would expect him to give utterance to. G. V. C.

Tomahawk, Wisconsin.

Women Workers in Cuba and America

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have read with increasing interest the article in your March 11 number on "The Condition of Women in Cuba," by Frederic M. Noa. One cannot but contrast the superfluity of female labor in Cuba with the appalling scarcity of the same in the United States, and ask why cannot two such crying needs, in two countries so nearly contiguous, be brought together, and in some way made to complement each other?

The green Swede girl, ignorant both as to the labor and the language, finds ready employment at remunerative wages—wages in many cases out of all proportion to the services rendered. With a few months of instruction in this or their own country could not Cuban women be made competent for domestic work in American families? If they could, thousands in this and other cities could find immediate and certain employment in good American homes at good wages, and their opportunities for improvement would be vastly greater than at present. If a help to the Cuban woman, it would not be less a blessing to the American housewife. Of the practicability of this the writer cannot say; but it would seem that human ingenuity and intelligence should be able to bring together and complement such human needs. What say Dr. Ramon M. Alfonso, or Frederic M. Noa, or the editors of The Outlook? A. M. G.

Denver, Colorado.

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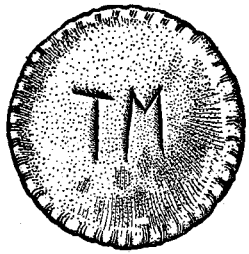
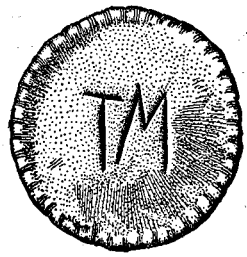


Bakers' Marks



There is a story of an old lady who made up a batch of mince and apple pies.

Wishing to be able to distinguish one kind from the other she marked the mince pies **T M** for "'tis mince" and the apple pies **T M** for "'taint mince."

The baker's marks on the ordinary run of bakery products are of little more value for purposes of identification than the marks on the old lady's pies.

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Butter Thin Biscuit

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Graham Crackers

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The widow of one of Ohio's most distinguished newspaper editors and a famous leader in politics in his day, says she is 70 years old and a "stronger woman than you will find in ten thousand," and she credits her fine physical condition to the use of Grape-Nuts:

"Many years ago I had a terrible fall which permanently injured my stomach. For 14 years I lived on a preparation of corn starch and milk, but it grew so repungent to me that I had to give it up. Then I tried, one after another, a dozen different kinds of cereals, but the process of digestion gave me great pain.

"It was not until I began to use Grape-Nuts food three years ago that I found relief. It has proved, with the dear Lord's blessing, a great boon to me. It brought me health and vigor such as I never expected to again enjoy, and in gratitude I never fail to sound its praises." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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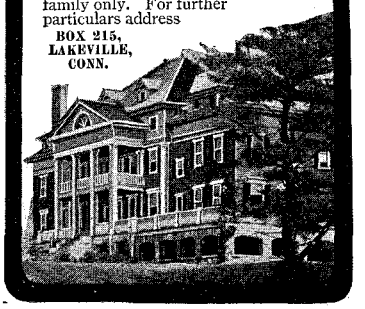

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